Joshu: The Lion's Roar

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Joshu: The Lion's Roar

Chapter #1

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15 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
JOSHU, ALSO KNOWN AS CHAO-CHOU, WAS BORN IN 778. WHEN HE FIRST MET NANSEN, JOSHU ENTERED THE MASTER'S ROOM IN THE MONASTERY. NANSEN WAS LYING DOWN, AND HIS FIRST QUESTION TO JOSHU WAS: "WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?"
ANG TEMPLE," REPLIED JOSHU. ("JUI-HSIANG" MEANS HOLY IMAGE).
"DO YOU STILL SEE THE HOLY IMAGE?" NANSEN ASKED.
"NO, I DON'T," REPLIED JOSHU, "I ONLY SEE THE TATHAGATA LYING DOWN."
AT THIS, NANSEN GOT UP, SAYING, "ARE YOU A MONK WHO HAS A MASTER OR ONE WITHOUT A MASTER?"
"With A MASTER," REPLIED JOSHU.
"WHO IS YOUR MASTER?" NANSEN ASKED.

"EARLY SPRING IS COLD," SAID JOSHU. "I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU ARE WELL."
NANSEN CALLED THE SENIOR MONK AND SAID, "GIVE HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT."

Maneesha, Joshu is one of those exceptional people who become enlightened without any formal initiation. They are nobody's disciple. It is a very exceptional case. But the story of Joshu is going to be very beautiful. His each statement is so poetic, so pregnant, that unless you listen in utter silence, you will miss its fragrance, its meaning, its penetrating insight into reality.
Joshu is one of the most loved masters in the Zen tradition. There have been great masters, but nobody has been loved so much as Joshu -- and he deserved it. His working on people, on disciples, was so soft, so delicate, that only a poet can manage it... a great craftsmanship in carving buddhas out of the stones of humanity.
Every man is just a big rock. It needs a craftsman, a great artist, a sculptor, who with loving hands removes all that is unessential and leaves only that which is absolutely essential.
That absolutely essential is our buddha.
You will see the working of Joshu and you will fall in love with the man, in this anecdote Maneesha has brought.
JOSHU, ALSO KNOWN AS CHAO-CHOU, WAS BORN IN 778. WHEN HE FIRST MET NANSEN, JOSHU ENTERED THE MASTER'S ROOM IN THE MONASTERY. NANSEN WAS LYING DOWN, AND HIS FIRST QUESTION TO JOSHU WAS: "WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?"

It has to be understood that the same questions have been asked by different masters to different disciples again and again. They don't mean exactly what you understand. When Nansen, lying down, says, "WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?" it does not mean that he is asking Joshu's address. He is asking his original source. He is asking, "From where have you suddenly appeared into existence? Where have you been before your birth? Where have you been before your parents were born?" Certainly somewhere....
"FROM THE JUI-HSIANG TEMPLE," REPLIED JOSHU. ("JUI-HSIANG" MEANS HOLY IMAGE).
Now there is something to be told to you which is not directly said in this anecdote. There used to be a very ancient temple, Jui-hsiang, meaning holy image -- a temple of Buddha. But it has disappeared through natural disaster, in an earthquake. That must have been before Joshu was born. His statement that he is coming from Jui-hsiang temple... and Jui-hsiang temple exists no more!
In Japan the earthquake is a daily experience. That's why wood and bamboo have become so important in Japan. You cannot make houses of marble; any moment the earthquake can come and then it will be very dangerous, it will kill. You can make only very thin walls; most of the walls are made of paper. You have to use very lightweight material, so even if the earthquake comes it cannot kill you. Just because of those earthquakes, bamboo has taken on a special significance in Japanese life.
Joshu's saying that he is coming from Jui-hsiang temple means that he remembers his past life, that he was a priest in the Jui-hsiang temple which exists no more.

"DO YOU STILL SEE THE HOLY IMAGE?" NANSEN ASKED.

... because it was said that that temple had a really beautiful image. Just because of earthquakes, in Japan they started making Buddha statues of wood. India has never known any images of wood, but China and Japan had to change from marble to wood. The wooden image could survive an earthquake. Wood is not so hard, it is soft; but a stone image is bound to get shattered.

Nansen asked him -- he did not say anything about his past life. He could see that what Joshu was saying was right.

When you encounter a master, before you tell him anything about your being, he knows it. You cannot lie, you can only be authentic and true. Nansen did not ask for any proof, for any validation, for any argument, even though that temple had disappeared long before. On the contrary, he asked, "Do you still see the holy image? We have heard it had a very beautiful image of Buddha which was destroyed. Do you still see it?"

"NO, I DON'T," REPLIED JOSHU, "I ONLY SEE THE TATHAGATA LYING DOWN."

Nansen was lying down. Now without saying directly that "You are the buddha; now what have I to do with any holy image?"... this subtleness, this beauty! Joshu says, "I only see the Tathagata" -- Tathagata is another name of Gautam Buddha -- "lying down in front of me. Who cares about images when you are facing the buddha himself?" All that is implied in it. He has already accepted Nansen as an enlightened being.

AT THIS, NANSEN GOT UP, SAYING, "ARE YOU A MONK WHO HAS A MASTER OR ONE WITHOUT A MASTER?"

Seeing Joshu's great insight, that he declares that the Tathagata is lying in front of him, so who bothers about images... this is not an ordinary man. Nansen simply got up and asked, "ARE YOU A MONK WHO HAS A MASTER OR ONE WITHOUT A MASTER?"

"WITH A MASTER."

Remember the word with. He is saying, "I am already with the master. What are you talking about?" He did not say, "I don't have a master" and he did not say, "I have a master." He said, "WITH A MASTER."

That's why I told you that he never became formally a disciple. His clarity, his enlightenment was so close when he came to Nansen that there was no need for him to be initiated. He was going to explode into light any moment. The season was ripe, the time was right. Any moment the fruit is going to fall down from the tree, as it becomes completely ripe. It is only a question of a few moments. His answer is of tremendous beauty. He does not say, "I don't have a master" and he does not say, "I have a master."

"WITH A MASTER," REPLIED JOSHU.

"WHO IS YOUR MASTER?"

Nansen is poking him, to see whether he is simply talking like a parrot or he really knows.

"EARLY SPRING IS COLD," SAID JOSHU. "I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU ARE WELL."

He did not answer the question, "Who is your master?" but simply indicated that, "I am with a master. Early spring is

very cold and I am so glad that you are well." Such an indirect and delicate, so sweet an answer.

NANSEN CALLED THE SENIOR MONK AND SAID, "GIVE HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT."

He should not be thought just an ordinary monk. There were thousands..."GIVE HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT. He is almost enlightened and he does not need any guidance." Special treatment just means, give him opportunity, space, love, an atmosphere of friendliness, so he can blossom into a flower. He is already bursting to be a flower. He cannot remain a bud much longer, so give him special treatment.

On both sides it is a very special encounter. Nansen did not ask him to become a disciple. He accepted him as a guest. He gave him the same treatment as he would have given to an enlightened person. Neither did Joshu ask Nansen to accept him as a disciple. There is no need -- Nansen will do everything that is necessary. All these formalities of being a disciple are put aside. Joshu can see Nansen, his radiant buddhahood, and he is absolutely satisfied that just sitting by his side is enough. No formality is needed. On both sides it is understood that it is an informal relationship.

Joshu is a master soon to reach to his ultimate peak, and Nansen is happy to give him special treatment. It is very rare, perhaps the only case, because I have not come across any case in which the master says, "GIVE HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT." But it happens, rarely, that such a ripe person comes. Even if he had not come, he would have become a buddha. Now that he has come it does not mean that Nansen should take advantage of his coming and make

him his disciple. All those are marketplace values. Nansen is happy that Joshu is going to flower soon, and Joshu is happy that Nansen is well, healthy, and he has found a living buddha. Nothing is said directly, but everything is understood clearly by both.
Soseki, a Zen poet, wrote:
AT THOSE TIMES WHEN I CANNOT DECIDE
THE WAY BACK
WHERE I CAME FROM,
ANYWHERE I GO
BECOMES THE ROAD HOME.

He is saying, if you don't know from where you have come, don't be worried. Just go on: any road is going to end up at your home.
In this world, you should think of a center and a circumference. From the center to the circumference you can join many different lines. You don't know from where you have come, you don't know the center... no need to worry. Just stick to one path that is going inwards and you will reach.
Soseki is very representative; this is the case with everybody. You don't know your center... and I go on insisting, "Go to the center." And I know perfectly well that you don't know your center. So where will you go? But I know that wherever you go, just go -- if you go with your full energy, then you are going to end up at the very source of your being. This is such a valid experience of thousands of mystics that there is no anxiety about it.
I have not told you where the center is. I know only one thing, that if you go inwards with your totality and urgency,

you will reach it. Nobody has ever missed. The moment you are total and there is urgency the center pulls you -- the center itself pulls you towards itself. You don't go, you are being pulled.

It is just that you have to be together. That togetherness is the problem. People are so fragmentary that even when I say totality, urgency, you think perhaps it is for somebody else -- "I am not going to die this moment." But that somebody else may be you! Some moment you are going to die -- why not this moment? Who knows?

And in the moment of death, if you have not been going and coming, in and out, and you have not made the path clean from the circumference to the center, you will not be able to in the moment of death. It has to be done when you are alive, so fully alive that you can gather all your energy and go towards the center. Totality and urgency are the absolute prerequisites. If you go in a lousy way, just with a curiosity in the mind -- "Let us see, what is in?" -- you will not enter in.

A curious mind has no way inwards. To reach your center a tremendous intensity is needed. You have to gather yourself, all that you have, into a single spearhead. Then don't be worried: go with speed, and wherever you reach will be the center of your being. You cannot go anywhere else.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

DOES WHERE WE HAVE COME FROM HAVE SOME SIGNIFICANCE IN RELATION TO WHERE WE ARE GOING?

No, Maneesha, because it is the same place. Where you have come from and where you are going is the same place. These are not two places, so there is no question of any significance.

There is no need to bother about from where you have come. That is a long route, a very long route. A few people have done that, and it creates a tremendous anguish that you cannot even conceive. One life is enough to make anybody insane, but remembering backwards, other lives... and you don't know how many hundreds or thousands of lives you have lived, because for four million years you have been here on this planet. And that is also not the end. To those who have been concerned with that problem, it is a necessary question: from where have we come to this planet and in what way? Life must have come to this planet from another planet which was dying either because of a natural disaster, or because the beings who lived there destroyed it by creating something like nuclear weapons. But something must have happened on some planet. There are five hundred planets on which life can exist. We must have come as seeds from some other planet.

So even if you go backwards... which is a very difficult process, but possible if you are stubborn enough, like Mahavira. He is a very stubborn man. I don't think there is any parallel. He lived naked and he would not speak. For twelve years he was absolutely silent -- so silent that one day he was standing by the side of a river under a tree meditating... And he would never meditate sitting, simply because sitting is a very comfortable position. He did not like Gautam Buddha's posture; that was too comfortable. In

that comfortable posture there is so much possibility of your falling into dreams, into sleep. But standing, it is very difficult to fall into dreams or sleep. You have to remain awake. Mahavira is the only man who has meditated standing.

So he was meditating under the tree. And a man brought his cows to the river, and as the cows were drinking water, and Mahavira was standing to the side under the tree, somebody came running to the man -- he had brought almost a hundred cows -- and told him, "Your house is on fire, you are required immediately." But to leave these hundred cows in the forest... Then he saw a good point, that this man was standing there. So he told Mahavira, "You are standing here anyway, just keep a little watch over my cows and I will be coming back soon." He did not bother even to consider that Mahavira had not answered, and he had no idea who he was.

Mahavira was in his meditation. He did not bother about anybody's cows. He did not bother about his own kingdom, he had left it -- he has to look after the cows? And the cows went into the shade under the trees, behind the hedges. When the man came back, there was not a single cow, and this man was standing there. He asked, "Where are my cows?" And Mahavira would not speak. The man said, "You are a strange fellow. Do you hear me or not?" But Mahavira remained just like stone. The man said, "My god, it seems he is deaf and dumb both! Neither he speaks nor he listens, and I left my cows in his care and all are gone. The forest is deep, with wild animals. How am I going to find one hundred cows alone?" He went into the forest to look.

But the cows had not gone very far; they were just behind Mahavira, resting under big trees. When they had rested there, they again came back, close to Mahavira. The man came back from the forest very frustrated. There had not been a sign of a single cow and here he saw all hundred cows standing next to Mahavira! He said, "This man seems to be a thief. He was playing a really great game: to me he was pretending that he is deaf and dumb, so I go into the forest and meanwhile he has gathered all the cows! If I had gone farther, he would have escaped. He was just waiting for the sun to set." Just pure imagination of his own....

He became so angry that he took two pieces of wood and hammered them into Mahavira's ears -- "I will give you a lesson. This deafness, this dumbness -- you will be really deaf." Still, Mahavira stood there. He did not say anything. Both ears were gone, blood was flowing....

The story is tremendously beautiful. At this point it seems it becomes more metaphorical. In Indian mythology the god of the clouds and the lightning is called Indra. Indra was watching what was happening, and he was very concerned that an innocent man who had not done anything was being punished without reason or rhyme. So Indra came down from the clouds and told Mahavira, "You have decided to remain silent for twelve years. You will not survive if such things go on happening. I can appoint two bodyguards who can look after you."

This dialogue must have happened just mind-to-mind, because Mahavira would not speak. But mind-to-mind he said to Indra, "I am grateful that nature -- and you represent nature -- takes care of the innocent. But don't be worried, it won't happen again and again. It has not

happened before. And I cannot afford two bodyguards; I want to be absolutely alone. These ears and these eyes, this body is going to be burned on a funeral pyre one day, so what is there to be worried about?"
Indra said, "You are very stubborn."
And Mahavira told him, "Without being stubborn I cannot enter into my past lives. These twelve years of silence are just an effort to pierce all barriers and reach to the place from where I have come. Unless I know from where I have come, how can I go back to the source? How can I make the circle complete?"
That was Mahavira's attitude: first you have to know from where you have come. But that is not my attitude because there is no need to get into that unnecessary trouble. It is not small; it is tremendous, because it is not only remembering, it is really living your past lives. Everything becomes so complex and dense; you are surrounded by black clouds upon clouds. You need a tremendous willpower to go on and on to find the place from where you have come. This is unnecessary torture, and I am never in favor of any unnecessary torture.

I have heard about a man who was driving his car near New Delhi. He asked an old man who was sitting under a tree, collecting wood, "How far is New Delhi?"
The old man said, "The way you are going, if you go directly, it is very far. You will have to go around the whole earth because you have left Delhi eight miles behind. Now it is up to you: if you are stubborn, then go ahead. If you are sensible, just turn the car around and go back."

My approach is, when the thing can be done in a simple way and without any torturing... It is absolutely absurd -- forget about where you are coming from. One thing is certain, you have come. Now the best way and the easiest way is to look where you are going, because ultimately you will find that the point you reach is also the point from where you have come. This is the way life becomes a perfect circle.

So I don't see any necessity, Maneesha, to remember from where you are coming. But both Buddhism and Jainism, and only these two religions, have worked out ways to enter into the past. Jainism has gone very deep into the science of remembering the whole past. And because of this arduous methodology adopted by Mahavira, Jainas have remained a very small minority. Who is going to suffer so much? Life in itself is enough suffering; why invite more suffering, suffering that you have forgotten, that you have passed? How many wives you had... just remembering all those wives will not give you any insight but only migraine! How many husbands... all kinds of idiots, and just to remember them will be living a ghost life. There is no need.

Buddhism tried a little, but did not go very far into it. After Buddha, a very few monks tried but it never became a specialty of Buddhism. But Jainism is a very particular case. Buddhism became a world religion -- the whole of the Far East became Buddhist -- while Jainism remained a small community in India. Only three and a half million is their number today. If Mahavira has converted one couple twenty-five hundred years ago, that one couple would have produced three and a half million by this time!

So you can understand that Mahavira could not convince many people. He was offering such an arduous way that only a few adventurers who loved the impossible became interested in him. Buddha and Mahavira were contemporaries. Buddha's path is more soft, more human; Mahavira is absolutely dry, very stern. Buddha's path moves through a garden; Mahavira chooses to move through deserts where even drinking water will not be available. But just different, unique personalities....
Maneesha, you need not be unnecessarily trying to find out where you come from. You already have migraine, do you want it more? Poor Maneesha suffers from migraine. I suffered from migraine for almost fifteen years, so I know what it means. It is almost as if your head is splitting in two. The desire arises to hit the head against the wall.
But a strange incident happened....
I was in Jalgaon, very close to here, and it is one of the hottest places in summer. I had just reached there, it must have been two o'clock in the afternoon, and I was so tired and I had a migraine. So I told my host that first I would like to take a shower.
I went into his bathroom, and they had their taps wrongly fitted. I thought it was cold water but it was hot water, and I turned it full on, on my head. And then I jumped -- because it was not cold, it was absolutely hot! But in that jump I forgot about the migraine. Since then it has not come. What happened I don't know; I simply forgot, the shock was so much. That day I understood the wise saying, that if you have a small trouble the only way to cure it is to find a bigger trouble. Then you will forget about it.

That day I understood why Mulla Nasruddin used to wear his shoes one size too small. The owner of the shoe shop asked him again and again, "Why do you suffer? You always come limping, and again ask for the size that is not for you -- it is one size too small. And all day long the whole town knows how much suffering you are going through. Just think -- one size smaller shoe!"
Nasruddin said, "You don't know the philosophy behind it. Because of this shoe, no trouble, no anxiety touches me. This is such an anxiety that I don't have anything left except the shoes and waiting to die. Nothing else matters. And besides, when I reach home in the evening and I take the shoes off... what relief! Where else can you get such relief?!"

It is almost what was being done, unknowingly, in the EST program. For eight hours you cannot go to the bathroom. After two or three hours it starts becoming difficult, and there comes a moment when you cannot contain it anymore. But you have committed to the program and you cannot get up and go to the bathroom. The bathroom is locked and everybody will laugh at you, that you are not courageous enough. So everybody is trying to be courageous enough.
Then suddenly somebody, in spite of himself, just looks down and he sees -- what is he doing? He does not want to do it, but now it is not under his control. The bladder can contain only a certain quantity of water, now it is a flood. But it brings such a great relief. And once one person does it, everybody else is doing it. And they tell their friends, "It

is something to experience -- the relief! We have never known such a relief."
So Maneesha, there is no need to know such kinds of relief. Simpler ways are available, and I am in favor of the simple and the obvious. Just find out where you are: that is the point from where you started going out and to where you have to go back.
Your original source is also your ultimate goal.

Now it is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.
Poor Sardar Gurudayal Singh has to wait so long and contain himself. I have known him for thirty-five years. He would have become enlightened any day, but just because of the jokes... he is a joke addict. He thinks, "If I become enlightened, then what about tomorrow's jokes? So postpone; enlightenment is not something that you are going to lose. Any day you can become enlightened, but meanwhile enjoy the jokes first."

Mrs. Wimple and her little boy Willie get onto the bus. She pays one fare and walks off down the aisle of the bus, towing Willie by the hand.
"Just a minute, lady," says the conductor. "You will have to pay the fare for your little boy, too."
"But he is only three years old," protests Mrs. Wimple.
"Well," replies the conductor, "he looks more like seven to me."
"But he can't be!" cries Mrs. Wimple. "I have only been married for four years."
"Look, lady," replies the conductor, "I only want your money, not a confession!"

There is a nasty accident at the London lunatic asylum, when one of the inmates falls down the well.
Loony Larry sees the situation and suddenly, to everyone's amazement, lowers himself down to the water on the end of a rope. After an incredible effort, Loony Larry manages to pull his fellow inmate out.
The media get to hear about the event, and the Channel Four News team are soon at the lunatic asylum to interview Loony Larry, the hero.
"That was an outstanding act of human courage and compassion," says Walter Wicket, the TV reporter, into his microphone.
"Thank you very much," replies Loony Larry, grinning sheepishly.
"And can you tell me," continues Walter, "right now where is the man you saved?"
"Oh!" says Larry, pointing to the flagpole. "I just hung him out to dry!"

"My god!" says Doctor Snooze, the hypnotist, to his newly-arrived patient, Herman. "You look ghastly. What has been happening to you?"
"Well, Doc," explains Herman, sprawling out on the couch. "I just got married and my wife Suzie is so gorgeous that we make love five times every night! And I never get any sleep."
"I see!" says Snooze. "Well listen, I will show you how to hypnotize yourself so that you can just go to sleep every night.

"When you go to bed, you just lie down and tell each part of your body to go to sleep, piece by piece."
"Thanks, Doc," says Herman, "I'll try it." And he staggers home.
That night, after a large dinner, Herman goes into the bedroom, leaving Suzie to do the washing up. Herman slips under the sheets and starts hypnotizing himself.
"Toes!" commands Herman, "go to sleep!"
"Feet!" orders Herman, "go to sleep!"
"Legs!" directs Herman, "go to sleep!"
"Body!" yawns Herman, "go to sleep!"
"Head!" sighs Herman, "go to sleep!"
Just then the door opens and Suzie glides into the bedroom wearing a tiny see-through nightgown.
One of Herman's eyes pops open, and slowly absorbs the gorgeous woman climbing into bed.
"Quick," he shouts. "Everybody wake up!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)
(Drumbeat)
Be silent. Close your eyes, feel the body completely frozen. Now look inwards with your total consciousness, with an urgency, as if this is the last moment of your life. Deeper and deeper -- go like a spear. You will reach to the center without fail.
The center of your being is also the center of existence. So many roses blossom, so much beauty, such grace and such splendor. Rejoice in this fortunate moment.

The world has forgotten the language and the golden path that leads you to your own treasure.
Truth is here, good is here, beauty is here. From this source arises everything and to this source everything comes back. This is the eternal source of existence.
Just a small taste of it and you are no more the same person. You start becoming a buddha.
To make it more clear,
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Relax. Let go of the body and the mind.
You are neither, you are just a witness.
This witnessing is the very golden key,
the master key
that opens all the mysteries of existence.
Feel the buddha as deeply, as intimately as possible. The buddha is another name of your witnessing power, and you have to live it around the clock, in all your activities.
Be graceful, be aware,
behave the way Buddha would have behaved.
Go on reminding yourself the whole day long that you belong to the transcendental, that you are not part of the mundane existence.
Your home is of the eternal, of the sacred.

This evening was beautiful in itself. But the presence of ten thousand buddhas witnessing together has made it especially beautiful. In this witnessing you have dissolved your individuality. I can see only an ocean of consciousness without any waves. The Buddha Hall has become one oceanic consciousness.

This is what makes a place holy.
This moment you are at the highest peak of consciousness, of joy, of benediction. Soon you will be called back. Start collecting all the flowers and the fragrance. When you come back, come as a buddha.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Come back, but reminding yourself how Buddha would have come -- with grace, with silence, with peace.
Sit for a few minutes just to recollect where you have been, the space, the golden path.
This will prepare you for the lion's roar.
Buddha has said that a man, when he becomes enlightened, gives a lion's roar. This series that we have started today is named JOSHU-THE LION'S ROAR.
Remember your beauty as a lion,
as a tremendous power, as a great aloneness.
The moment you roar,
all the valleys will echo it.
All the hearts which are empty will echo it.
One buddha can trigger off thousands of buddhas in the world. This is going to be your message. To a dying world, you are the last hope.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Chapter title: Ruined and homeless
16 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
ON FIRST ENTERING NANSEN'S MONASTERY, JOSHU WAS MADE TO SERVE IN THE KITCHEN AS THE STOKER. ONE DAY HE CLOSED ALL THE DOORS AND PILED WOOD ON THE FIRE UNTIL THE WHOLE KITCHEN WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE. THEN HE SHOUTED, "FIRE! FIRE! COME TO MY RESCUE!"
WHEN THE WHOLE COMMUNITY HAD FLOCKED TO THE DOOR, HE SAID, "I WILL NOT OPEN THE DOOR UNLESS YOU CAN SAY THE RIGHT WORD." NO ANSWER CAME FROM THE CROWD. BUT NANSEN SILENTLY PASSED THE KEY THROUGH A WINDOW HOLE. THIS WAS THE RIGHT WORD THAT JOSHU HAD IN MIND, AND HE OPENED THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY.

Maneesha, Joshu is a very rare case. Joshu had become a priest when he was still a child and experienced his first satori when he was seventeen. He said of this experience: "Suddenly, I was ruined and homeless."
This statement, after having the first glimpse of enlightenment, is of tremendous significance. He says, "Suddenly I was ruined. Whatever I was before, is all ruined. I was not that. I had cultivated a personality, a mind, a heart -- nothing of that was me. The satori left me suddenly ruined and homeless. The home that I had made

for myself according to the rules of the society, amongst the crowd, a cozy place... enlightenment, just the first glimpse of it, has taken away all. I am standing alone, homeless, shattered, ruined."

But this is only one part of the experience. The other part, he is not saying. The other part cannot be said. Only those who enter the experience know the other part.

The first part can be said: that the old is gone. We all know the old, but the new we don't know. So when the new comes, it brings a problem: you can say what has been ruined, what has been shattered, what has been taken away, but you cannot say what have you got. On that point there is utter silence.

That's why he is talking about only one part of it, the first part. The second part has to be experienced. The second part is finding your real home. The second part is finding your original face. The second part is finding your eternity. But these are mere words if not experienced. Experienced, they are the only true realities.

Everything depends on experience. Zen is experiential. It is not a talk about great things, it is not a philosophy. It is a very simple and obvious phenomenon -- just to look in. What can be more simple? As you look in, a totally new world opens its doors and your old language becomes irrelevant. All that you can say is, the old is finished.

The new is discontinuous with the old. Neither the language nor any gesture, nothing can manage the new in the form that the old allows.

The new brings its own language.

The new brings its own home.

The new brings your ultimate reality.

I said that Joshu was a rare case.... Maneesha has brought one anecdote:

ON FIRST ENTERING NANSEN'S MONASTERY, JOSHU WAS MADE TO SERVE IN THE KITCHEN AS THE STOKER. ONE DAY HE CLOSED ALL THE DOORS AND PILED WOOD ON THE FIRE UNTIL THE WHOLE KITCHEN WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE. THEN HE SHOUTED, "FIRE! FIRE! COME TO MY RESCUE!"

Symbolically, this is the situation of everyone. You live in fire and you die in fire. Your heart is always on fire, burning with all kinds of jealousies and anger and greed -- a psychological fire that goes on creating new anxieties, new wounds, and it never heals on its own. Joshu's effort, his first effort in the commune of Nansen, was to create a great fire and close all the doors of the kitchen. And when there was only smoke, and there was danger of his being burned, he shouted, "FIRE! FIRE! COME TO MY RESCUE!"

A seeker, whether he says it or not, really feels it: "FIRE! FIRE! COME TO MY RESCUE!"

WHEN THE WHOLE COMMUNITY HAD FLOCKED TO THE DOOR, HE SAID... This is how he shows his tremendous insight in Zen. In childhood he became a priest, at the age of seventeen he became almost enlightened, and meeting Nansen he became fully enlightened.

WHEN THE WHOLE COMMUNITY HAD FLOCKED TO THE DOOR, HE SAID, "I WILL NOT OPEN THE DOOR UNLESS YOU CAN SAY THE RIGHT WORD."

Now, how can you say the right word? What can be the right word? And his life is at stake! Soon the flames will

grow bigger, the wooden temple will be on fire, and the man is asking about the right word!

That has also to be understood. There are thousands of cases on record when masters have asked, "Say the right word! If you say it I will hit you. If you don't say it I will hit you anyway." What is asked for is a response, spontaneous. The master has not asked an examination question. He has created a situation in which you cannot say a word from your past memory. If you say it, he will hit; if you don't say anything, anyway you are going to be hit. Don't think that not saying anything means silence. Now it depends on different disciples, how they react. Sometimes the situation becomes very crucial. In one monastery there were two wings, a right wing and a left wing, and one thousand sannyasins were living there. The master had a cat. Because it was the master's, a tremendous respect and love was shown to the cat and both sides wanted to take it to their wing. There was a continuous fight between monks about the cat.

Finally one day the master gathered the whole assembly. Only one monk was missing; he had gone for some work, down to the plains. So nine hundred ninety-nine monks were present. And the master took a sword at the cat and he said, "Say the right word! If you don't say it, I will cut the cat in two parts and divide it for you, so this fight, this continuous fight, is finished! Say the right word quickly; otherwise the cat will lose her life."

Those nine hundred ninety-nine people just looked at each other: "What can be the right word?" The master cut the cat and gave it, half and half, to both wings. Sad, carrying the dead cat, with blood flowing... And then came the monk

who had gone down to the village. He came in and hit the master with a good slap! The master said, "Good! If you had been here, the poor cat would have been saved."
This was the right word. "What nonsense you are talking -- cutting the cat! A living being cannot be divided that way."
The master said, "This was the right thing, but those nine hundred ninety-nine monks had not the courage to come to me and hit me. I had given the opportunity... they could have saved the cat, but the very idea did not arise in their minds."
The idea can arise only in a mind who is coming very close to enlightenment. It is a spontaneous response. Otherwise, hitting the master is very rare. The master hits, that's okay; but the disciple hitting the master... There are a few instances, and they are always right. The disciple has shown a great insight, that the master is asking an absurdity.

WHEN THE WHOLE COMMUNITY HAD FLOCKED TO THE DOOR, HE SAID, "I WILL NOT OPEN THE DOOR UNLESS YOU CAN SAY THE RIGHT WORD." NO ANSWER CAME FROM THE CROWD. BUT NANSEN SILENTLY PASSED THE KEY THROUGH A WINDOW HOLE.
In fact, Joshu could not open the door without the key. That was the right word. He was closed in, he needed a key. Nobody thought of it, that the door was closed.
NANSEN SILENTLY PASSED THE KEY THROUGH A WINDOW HOLE. THIS WAS THE RIGHT WORD THAT JOSHU HAD IN MIND, AND HE OPENED THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY.

The "right word" simply means a spontaneous response, with clarity and intelligence, to the situation. There are two kinds of possibilities. One is a reaction. In a reaction you start thinking -- what can be the right word? You have missed the point. Now you can go on thinking and consulting encyclopedias, you will not find the right word. The second is responsibility, not reaction. Responsibility means you don't go into your memory storage. You look directly at the situation: the door is closed, the flames are growing bigger and bigger. Any man of clarity will think of how to help him to open the door. That will be the right word, the right response.

Gido wrote:

TOWARD DAWN,
THE SAME BRIGHT STARS RETURN,
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
ON THE MOUNTAIN RANGES.
WINTER SNOWS APPEAR EVERY YEAR.
SILLY TO IMAGINE FROM THESE THINGS
THAT GAUTAMA IS IN ANY
PARTICULAR PLACE --
LIKE CARVING NICKS ON THE SIDE
OF A BOAT TO MARK ITS PLACE
IN THE RIVER!

First I have to tell you a small story.

Mulla Nasruddin had gone fishing... His wife had been insisting continuously, "Some day you take me with you." He said, "I will not have time for you. I will be so concentrated on fishing, and you don't know how to keep your mouth shut."

But she promised that she would not speak, so he took the wife. Strangely enough he found a place in the river where there were so many fish... he had never been so fortunate! Obviously it was the fortune of the wife. He thanked her. He said, "Strange! I have been searching and searching -- a few fish here and there. But this place is full of all kinds of fish and so easily catchable! I should mark this place so I don't forget; otherwise how to find this place again?"

So he took a piece of chalk -- he was a schoolmaster -- and made a cross on the side of the boat to remember, that "this is the place where there are so many fish." But marking on the boat won't help in any way.

Gido says: TOWARD DAWN -- always remember, these poems are visualized. TOWARD DAWN, as the morning sun is rising, THE SAME BRIGHT STARS RETURN, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN RANGES. WINTER SNOWS APPEAR EVERY YEAR.

SILLY TO IMAGINE FROM THESE THINGS
THAT GAUTAMA IS IN ANY
PARTICULAR PLACE --

He is saying that seeing all this change, it is almost silly to think that the Buddha is in any particular place --

LIKE CARVING NICKS ON THE SIDE
OF A BOAT TO MARK ITS PLACE
IN THE RIVER!

All your marks are on the boat. And they don't in any way help you to find the place in the river, because in the river you cannot make a mark. The moment you make it, it disappears.

You will laugh at Nasruddin, but all his anecdotes are very indicative. What are your statues of Gautam Buddha? Just

marks on the side of the boat. Buddha has disappeared in the universal; he has not left any footprints. Just as a bird flying into the blue sky leaves no footprints -- where are you going to find him?

So you make a temple, you put up a statue, but do you think this is marking the place? You cannot catch hold of Buddha. You cannot make a cross on eternity, on universality. Whatever you will do -- your scriptures, your images, your temples, are as irrelevant as marking the boat to find the same place in the river.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

WHATEVER NANSEN MEANT WHEN HE REQUESTED "SPECIAL TREATMENT" FOR JOSHU, APPARENTLY IT DIDN'T MEAN JOSHU MOVING INTO LAO TZU HOUSE AND HAVING PRIVATE, DAILY CHATS WITH THE MASTER. ON THE CONTRARY, JOSHU'S FIRST JOB WAS IN ZORBA THE BUDDHA RESTAURANT, SLAVING OVER A HOT STOVE. WHAT IS THE LESSON HERE FOR US?

Maneesha, in the first place your question has come neither from mind nor from no-mind, but from migraine. I would have given you a good hit, but I don't hit people. My representative, Stonehead Niskriya, is hitting people in Germany. I have heard that he hits people, strangers, sits on their chests and asks, "Got it?" And obviously, to get rid of this fellow they have to say, "Yes!" But what is it? Niskriya says, "I don't know myself; I am just spreading the

message." Fortunately he is not here; otherwise he would have given you a good hit.
"Special treatment" does not mean a special job. "Special treatment" means: Be careful of this man; his flowering is very close. Don't neglect him in any way, because there are thousands of monks... Whatever job you give him, that is not the point. But just be careful: it is a precious time for him, he is ripening. And any moment, suddenly he will explode into enlightenment. He already had a satori....
Satori is the Japanese word for Samadhi. I have explained to you that samadhi and enlightenment ordinarily are thought to be synonymous. That is not true. Satori is equivalent to samadhi. That's how Patanjali defines it in his sutras, the only authority on Yoga -- he says that samadhi is a deep sleep, with the innermost center awake. All around there is deep sleep, darkness, unconsciousness, but just at the center a small candle of light. So Patanjali has said it is no different from sleep; the only difference is that sleep is without any light in it, it is a house without any light. And samadhi is a house with a candle.
But enlightenment is prajna. To understand it more accurately you have to think of a ladder. We are exactly in the middle of the ladder. Underneath us there is the subconscious, unconscious, collective unconscious and cosmic unconscious. If you dive deep into your depth, from the cosmic unconscious you can get out into the universal. Samadhi's way is moving into the depths.
And just as there are steps going deeper in you, there are steps moving above you. Just as there is a subconscious, there is a superconscious, collective superconscious, cosmic superconscious. And when you take a jump from

that point, it is enlightenment. Both experience the same; both enter into no-mind. But one enters through the dark path and one enters through the lighted path.
The dark path is dangerous because there is no certainty where you are. Very few people have reached enlightenment through the dark path. Ramakrishna seems to be the only one. Many have tried, but it is obvious that only accidentally can you reach the ultimate depth.
When you are moving towards heights you are moving in full light, and as you go above, you have more light and more light. At the highest peak everything is pure light. The path is very beautiful -- not accidental but very intentional, very conscious.
But this discrimination has not been made, so the misunderstanding continues that Ramakrishna and Buddha are the same. They are the same at the last point, but the paths they follow are very contrary. And Ramakrishna is accidental -- just by chance he has moved in the right direction in darkness. There are more chances of getting lost than of reaching to the point.
Gautam Buddha takes the safer course, more scientific: go beyond your conscious mind, make it more conscious -- superconscious. And you will always be entering a higher and more lighted space. There is no danger of getting lost; your enlightenment is absolutely certain if you continue. It is not accidental, it is a scientific conclusion.
Satori is the translation of Samadhi. That's why even Joshu had a satori. Coming to Nansen, he said, "Now I am fulfilled," because with Nansen he saw for the first time a lighted path where one does not become accidentally

enlightened. Every step is very calculated, very conscious, very alert.
So when the head monk was told by Nansen to give Joshu special treatment, that did not mean to give him special comforts. That did not mean to give him no job, that did not mean that he had to be thought of as superior to others. Give him any job -- that is the function of the head monk in a monastery -- but keep an eye out, don't forget him. There are thousands of people you have to take care of. Keep an eye out, because this man is not going to stay unenlightened long. He is going to become a buddha very soon.
So it is not a question Maneesha, that special treatment means "moving into Lao Tzu and having private, daily chats with the master." If you are aware of what you are asking... do you see your jealousy? Do you see your woman? How do you know that the people who are allowed to come to me are chitchatting? They have their work; they need instructions, they are called because of their work. It is not that they have the right to come to me to chitchat. What will I chitchat about?
They have their work just as you have your work. Others are jealous of you. You are also in Lao Tzu and you have the special work of collecting my words, of editing my words. When we are all gone, Maneesha's collections will be remembered for centuries. But it is very difficult to get rid of our jealousies....
The first commune was destroyed because of women's jealousies. They were fighting continuously. The second commune was destroyed because of women's jealousies. And this is the third commune -- and the last, because I

am getting tired. Once in a while I think perhaps Buddha was right not to allow any women in his commune for twenty years. I am not in favor of him: I am the first who has allowed men and women the same, equal opportunity for enlightenment. But I have burnt my fingers twice, and it has always been the jealousy of the women.

Still, I am a stubborn person. After two communes, immense effort wasted, I have started a third commune, but I have not created any difference -- women are still running it. I want women here in this commune not to behave like women. But small jealousies... Now, somebody has to bring my food -- the whole commune cannot do that. Somebody has to make my room clean, my bathroom clean -- the whole community is not needed there; otherwise the result will be the opposite!

I call Anando every morning while I am eating, every evening while I am eating, just to give her instructions so that nothing goes wrong. Things go wrong so easily... and because Anando has been in all three communes, and is a law graduate, she understands very clearly why these two communes, created with such great effort, with so much money poured into them, got destroyed. She has a very clear conception. And whatever I say, she manages to do it. I have not heard her saying a single time that, "I have forgotten." She immediately takes notes and reports the next day what the situation is. Otherwise, very easily things can go wrong.

I had talked to Neelam -- she is my secretary. I had told her that I was thinking to make Anand Swabhav an ambassador, going around the country, because I am not moving. And he has been doing very good work,

conducting camps, giving talks, approaching different institutions in different places. So most of the time he is going to be out. He has been in charge of the ashram, and I had told Neelam that it would be good to talk to him and ask if he would like to be an ambassador, because now we are appointing ambassadors in every country -- somebody who represents me to the news media, conducts camps, takes care of what is going on in those countries, against me or for me, and informs me.

She must have asked him, and he was happy. There was a question of putting someone else as the ashram in-charge. I had one idea in my mind and I told Neelam, "You ask a beautiful woman, perfectly capable -- Zareen." She has been doing so well with her job at the gate with the visitors, with the receptionists, taking people around the ashram. I thought perhaps she would be good as the in-charge of the ashram. Neelam talked to her, and Zareen went to Hasya, who is the international secretary. Zareen told Hasya that she is not a "puppet type." She will do whatever she wants to do; nobody can dictate to her. It is perfectly good, but in a commune it will immediately create conflicts. I had to drop the idea.

Without Anando, I would have not known and things would have gone wrong. Anando informed me -- she is my legal secretary. She informed me that Zareen is good, but she has this spoiled mind from her very childhood. Whatever she wants to do, she will do. That's perfectly good, but not good in commune life. And she is doing so perfectly we -- that work would be disturbed if she becomes ashram in-charge.

Zareen even immediately changed the word, in her unconscious. She told Hasya, "I have been asked to become the president of the ashram." Ashram in-charge is a different thing. It is a rough job. Mainly it is concerned with the police, courts, cases. And knowing that Neelam is soft, there is going to be trouble... Neelam is doing her work perfectly well, but if Zareen starts thinking she is the president and Neelam is only a secretary, then there is going to be trouble. So I had to change. I had to put Tathagata as ashram in-charge. And he is already doing that job without any title. He is continuously fighting in the courts, and dealing with the police and the government officers. He is taking care of that side and he has been here with Swabhav for years, in deep friendship. So I thought it would be better -- he should be named as ashram in-charge.

Now I would not have known, because I don't go anywhere. I don't know where the office of my secretary is, where the office of my president is, where the office of the ashram in-charge is. I know only three places: my bedroom, my bathroom, and Buddha Hall. If anybody asks me any question about the ashram, I am absolutely ignorant. Somebody needs to inform me -- and somebody who has a comprehensive insight. So only Anando comes, and she comes only because I ask her to come. Just while I am taking food, she gives me information about publications, the books, how many books are in publication, how many are going into publication... how we should manage exhibitions around the world, how we should find publishers. And just in five or ten minutes -- she is very accurate, not a gossipy type.

Now Maneesha's question is full of jealousy. Not only I am saying it; Nirvano brings the sutras and the questions to show me -- she wanted to change it. I said, "Don't change it, let it be as it is," because in commune life we should expose ourselves without fear. Love knows no fear. If something is arising in your mind, you should tell it.

And remember one thing: everybody is doing his work. Nobody is to dominate anybody. Yes, everybody is allowed to suggest, to help, but to suggest and to help does not mean that you are being made a puppet. Nobody is a puppet here. It is a gathering of absolutely independent individuals. But just because it is a gathering of independent individuals there has to be much more responsibility, much more awareness, much more remembrance. Outside in the world you have learned jealousy, you have learned domination, you have learned stubbornness. You have learned that "I will do things according to my own mind; whether it is right or wrong does not matter." It is perfectly okay outside in the world, where there is so much mess that you cannot make it worse. But at least in this small commune don't bring in the outside world and the outside world's tendencies.

We are trying a great experiment, that independent individuals can live together without enslaving anyone. Here everybody is equal. It does not matter what job he is doing. He may be editing, he may be cleaning, he may be cooking, it does not matter. What matters is that you should cook with awareness, as if a buddha is cooking. And you are cooking for other buddhas; your cooking has to be done with great awareness and love. It is not a duty; it is your contribution, your share, to the commune. It is as valuable

as anybody else's work. If you are cleaning bathrooms, it is as respectable as being the president of the commune or the secretary of the commune. There is no question of jealousy at all, because nobody is superior to anybody else.

This is what I call authentic communism. The Soviet communism has failed -- failed because of dictatorship, failed because it tries to dominate people, and the people who loved freedom were killed. One million people were killed by Stalin alone. He could not tolerate any difference of ideas. But the same was the situation after Stalin died and Khrushchev came into power. He had been in the same presidium, the highest committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union -- and there are no other parties. Khrushchev had been with Stalin for decades, and he was one of the most intimate to him amongst the other twenty-one members of the presidium. He succeeded Stalin. The day after Stalin died, he spoke on his death to the Communist Party and said, "Stalin has killed almost one million people and he has made the whole country a slave camp." Somebody from the back seats asked, "You were with Stalin all these years. Why did you not object?" Khrushchev's answer is very significant. He said, "Please stand up, and you will know. Who has asked the question? Stand up!" Nobody stood, because to stand up means... finished! And he said, "That is the reason I was silent. Why are you not standing up? If I had opposed anything, if even a question was in Stalin's mind that `Khrushchev is not totally with me,' I would have been finished. And what was the need to become unnecessarily finished? You can see it yourself. You are silent now, you are not standing up.

Because if you stand up, you are gone; nobody will ever hear of you again."
Communism has been completely destroyed by the dictatorial ideology.
I am basically a communist, an anarchist, and something more -- all kinds of dangerous ideas and something more! Here we are trying on a small scale an experiment of living equally. Your job does not make any difference to your individuality. Nobody is a puppet because nobody is here who is a puppeteer. I don't come out, I have no post, I am not even member of the sannyas movement. I am just a guest, absolutely at your mercy.
I hate the idea that anybody should dominate anybody. And nobody is doing that, things are flowing beautifully. But your question must be the question of many people. That's why I told Nirvano "Don't change it, let it remain as it is." Maneesha is intelligent enough not to ask a stupid question. But she suffers from migraines. And today she has a migraine, I can say it without any doubt; otherwise she would not have asked such a question. With a migraine, strange ideas arise and you cannot do anything. The whole world seems to be hell. One feels like doing something nasty. It is a chemical, hormonal matter. One wants to be nasty, one wants to behave in a way that is insulting, humiliating; but the person is not doing it, it is the chemistry.
Now Maneesha needs Amrito's injection, not my answer.

Now it is Sardar Gurudayal time, and he is sitting first in the row. He enjoys his place. Once in a while he gets there,

but then he sits like an emperor, because his time is bound to come!

Boris Babblebrain, the prosecuting attorney, is striding up and down the courtroom in front of the glamorous blonde witness, Gorgeous Gloria.
"Is it true," rants Babblebrain, "that on the tenth of July you committed adultery in a snowstorm, while lying across the top of a motorbike being driven by a one-legged dwarf who was also waving the Polish national flag?"
Gloria looks unblinking into Babblebrain's eyes, and calmly says, "What was the date again?"

Pope the Polack is getting forgetful. One morning he is sitting on the toilet in Cardinal Catsass' place, reading the newspaper, when he looks at his watch and notices the time. He is nearly late for one of his famous addresses to the people from his balcony.
He leaps up and runs toward his apartment, muttering a prayer to himself as he goes -- "Please, God, don't let me be late." And again, "Please, God, don't let me be late," and yet again... when suddenly he trips and falls flat on his face!
Getting up hurriedly and straightening his robes, he shakes his fist at the sky and shouts, "Jesus Christ -- don't push!"

Ronald Reagan goes to see Doctor Bones for a complete check-up. He is very depressed and says to Bones, "Doctor, it's terrible, I get up in the morning and look in the mirror and I'm just a mess!"

"Really?" says Bones, raising his eyebrows, "tell me about it."
"Yes, Doc," continues Reagan, "I look in the mirror and my cheeks are sagging and I have blotches all over my face, my hair is falling out, and I look so ugly. What is it?"
"I have no idea what it is," replies Bones, "but your eyesight is perfect!"

Little Albert's Uncle Tony owns a sex shop and every day after school, Little Albert drops by to visit him.
One afternoon, Albert walks through the door and Uncle Tony says, "Hi, kid. Can you look after the store for a few minutes while I run out to the post office?"
"Sure, Uncle," replies Albert, and sets his school things on the counter. Tony leaves and a few minutes later, three nuns walk in.
The nuns are a little embarrassed to see a kid running the store, but they are desperate.
"How much for that big, pink dildo?" whispers the first nun.
"Ten dollars," replies Little Albert, confidently. "Batteries not included."
"I will take it," says the nun, as she is pushed aside by the next nun.
"How much for that huge, bright purple one?" whispers the second nun.
"Twenty dollars," replies Albert. "Batteries not included."
"I will take it sonny," snaps the second nun. "And put it in a plain brown wrapper."
Then the third nun looks around nervously and says, "Sonny, how much for that big black and red plaid one?"

"That one is not for sale," says Albert.
"Come on kid!" snaps the nun. "I will pay any price for that big one."
"Okay, lady," says Albert. "Fifty dollars!"
"I will take it," says the nun, and the three of them leave the shop.
A few minutes later, Uncle Tony comes back from the post office.
"How did it go?" he asks. "Any business?"
"Sure, Uncle Tony," says Little Albert. "Three nuns came in and I sold the first one a dildo for ten dollars. The second nun bought one for twenty dollars. And you won't believe this," continues Albert. "The last nun paid fifty dollars for my thermos bottle!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Be silent. Close your eyes.
Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards, with your total consciousness arrowed towards the center... with an urgency, as if this is your last moment of life.
As you go deeper, it becomes more and more light. As you go deeper, it becomes more and more fragrant.
The moment you reach to your center you are only a witness. Not only a witness of your body and mind, but

also a witness of great blissfulness, silence, peace, a great joy arising in you.
At the center everyone is a buddha.
That is the only equality I know of.

To make it more clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Just be a witness.
The body is lying there, the mind is there, but you are neither the body nor the mind -- just a pure mirror, reflecting. The moment you become a pure mirror, thousands of stars start reflecting in you. You are at the very gate of the kingdom of God.
This night was beautiful in itself. But the silent of ten thousand buddhas, merging their consciousness into an oceanic reality, have made it a historic event.
Whatever you feel in this space, you have to carry out in your twenty-four hours' ordinary life.
A buddha has no holiday.
Once a buddha, forever a buddha.
Just look how thousands of flowers have blossomed.
Suddenly the spring has come. The old is gone and the new is born.
Every moment the old has to be left, and the new has to arise. Moment-to-moment dying and living is the very style of a buddha. He has no yesterdays, no tomorrows, just this moment. Thisness, suchness.

Before Nivedano calls you back, gather as many flowers and as much fragrance as possible to bring with you from

the center to the circumference. The whole discipline is to bring the center and circumference into a deep synchronicity, so whatever is at the center also blossoms on the circumference -- in your activities, in your gestures, in your words, in your silences. Unless the buddha becomes active on the surface, the realization is not complete.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Now all the buddhas, come back -- with the same gesture, with the same grace and silence. Remember you are a buddha. Sit for a few moments, recollecting, remembering the path you have followed, the center that you have touched, the flowers, invisible, that you have brought with you, and the fragrance that is surrounding you.
Every day it has to become deeper and deeper and deeper. One day suddenly there is an explosion. That explosion is the ultimate experience of life; there is nothing more valuable than that.

Okay Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar
Chapter #3
Chapter title: To know the timeless
17 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,

JOSHU STAYED WITH NANSEN FOR THIRTY YEARS. AFTER HIS ENLIGHTENMENT HE LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS MORE IN THE KUAN-YIN TEMPLE. ONCE, HE SAID:
"SMOKE FROM THE CHIMNEYS AROUND ME I SEE IN VAIN, NO BUN OR RICE CAKE SINCE LAST YEAR HAVE I EATEN. NOW THOUGHTS OF THEM MAKE MY MOUTH WATER.
"NOT MINDFUL OF BUDDHISM, I OFTEN SIGH DEEP SIGHS. NONE OF THE PEOPLE OF ONE HUNDRED HOUSES ARE GOOD: EVERY VISITOR ONLY ASKS ME FOR A CUP OF TEA. IF NOT GIVEN ENOUGH, HE ANGRILY LEAVES ME."
AT ANOTHER TIME JOSHU WAS ASKED: "A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DIFFERENCE -- AND WHAT HAPPENS?"
THE MASTER ANSWERED, "HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FAR AWAY."
THE MONK ASKED, "AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DIFFERENCE?"
"HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FAR AWAY," JOSHU REPLIED.

Maneesha, before discussing the sutras of Joshu I have to introduce to you something very modern, but relating to the ancient gods. Before I call Avirbhava and Anando to show you, I will say a few things about lightning. *
Anything mysterious that man could not understand became a god. Lightning is very mysterious: from where does it come, and where does it go? Suddenly it appears and suddenly it is gone. And it is dangerous too; it kills

people, it kills trees, it kills animals -- so it must be in the hands of a certain god; a power that he throws against the enemies.

In India, the god Indra has been worshipped for centuries. He is the god of lightning and clouds and rains. Even man has been sacrificed to satisfy him so that he does not destroy their crops, so he does not kill their animals, so he does not send those lightning thunderbolts to their villages. It is out of fear that all gods are born, out of fear and out of ignorance. So first, something about lightning....

IN ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS, THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEFORE CHRIST, SOME PEOPLE BELIEVED THAT THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WERE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE POWER AND WRATH OF THE GODS. IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY, LIGHTNING WAS THE WEAPON OF ZEUS, FATHER OF ALL THE GODS.

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA IT IS WIDELY HELD THAT LIGHTNING IS A BIRD. IN THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, BOTH THE SUN AND THE MOON ARE MADE OF LIGHTNING BOLTS COLLECTED BY A TURTLE AS HE CLIMBED UP TO HEAVEN.

IN INDIA, INDRA WAS A STORM GOD, WIELDER OF THE THUNDERBOLT.

IN AUSTRALIA, ABORIGINAL MYTHOLOGY HAS IT THAT THE LIGHTNING MAN LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WATERHOLE IN THE DRY SEASON AND IN THE WET SEASON HE RODE ON THE TOPS OF THE THUNDERCLOUDS. HIS VOICE WAS THE

THUNDER AND HE STRUCK DOWN WITH HIS STONE AXES THE TREES AND THE PEOPLE.

Associated with this is a very ancient concept, the concept of the aura. It is now a scientific fact that man also has his own energy which is electrical. In an accident in Switzerland a few years ago, a woman became so electrified that even her husband would not touch her. Even her children escaped from home, because whomsoever she would touch would get a great electric shock. She was brought to the hospital: just by holding it in her hand, an electric bulb would start to light up. There was no need of any wiring or any electricity.

Her body was too full. This energy of the body radiates about one inch around the body, around every healthy body. The more radiant you are, the bigger the aura around the body becomes. The more sickly you are, the more the aura shrinks. As a man dies the aura disappears.

And now, because of Kirlian photography, your photograph can be taken showing the aura. You have seen statues, photographs, paintings of Krishna, Jesus, Buddha; you will always see an aura around their heads. It was thought this is just mythology -- it is not. There is an energy field around them. To indicate that energy field, all the pictures of all the gods around the world have that aura. It is very symbolic. It is not confined to the head, but certainly the ancient man had come to recognize that there is a certain kind of radiation.

As a man becomes more enlightened, the area of his field of energy also becomes bigger. Anybody who enters into that area suddenly finds that it is as if he has entered into a different climate, a different air, a different silence, a

different peace. This has been the criterion to find the master. There are no visible signs for how to find the master. The only way is, if you come close to a man and inside you something starts changing, flowering, blossoming... suddenly you feel as if the spring has come. The man has not done anything. The aura is invisible. But the aura can do miracles in the disciples who come close to the master.

By the way, I would like to tell you that this is what in Zen is called the transmission of the lamp. Nothing is given by the master, but something is received by the disciple. Where there was darkness in the house, now there is light. Avirbhava has brought a mechanism which creates an aura. You cannot see the aura, but you can bring a light bulb close to the mechanism and suddenly the light bulb flares up, with no connection. Not only is there no connection with the machinery, but even if you put a hindrance, like a book, between the two, that will not make any difference. You cannot prevent the aura even with stone walls. It passes through without any doors.

Before they bring their new addition to the Museum of Gods, it will be good to know something more about the aura.

SURROUNDING THE PHYSICAL BODY IS A PROTECTIVE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD, COMPOSED OF RADIATIONS FORMED BY ALL THE BODIES OF MAN. THE AURA APPEARS AS A FOUNTAIN OF ENERGY AND WHEN RADIATING COMPETENTLY HAS A DEFINITE AND REGULAR SHAPE.

AURAS ARE ABSORBERS, SOAKING UP VIBRATIONS FROM EVERYTHING AROUND -- THE SUN, MOON, ANIMALS, PLANTS, STONES AND PEOPLE. THEY DEVELOP AS THE CONSCIOUSNESS DEVELOPS.

THE WORD `AURA' COMES FROM THE GREEK WORD `AVRA', WHICH MEANS BREEZE.

It is certainly like a breeze. You cannot see it but you can feel it.

THE AURIC FIELDS OF THE ASTRAL AND MENTAL BODIES EXTEND MUCH FURTHER FROM THE PHYSICAL BODY THAN THAT OF THE ETHERIC BODY, WHICH STANDS OUT NO MORE THAN A HALF INCH OR SO. THE UNDULATING FLOW AND RHYTHMICALLY SHIMMERING COLOR OF THE MENTAL AND ASTRAL BODIES GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY ARE MOVED BY A BREEZE.

IN PEOPLE, WHEN THE ACTIVITY OF THE BEING IS INTENSIFIED, AS DURING MEDITATION, ITS ENERGIES POUR THROUGH THE FIELDS OF THE MENTAL, ASTRAL AND ETHERIC BODIES, INCREASING THEIR SIZE AND THE BRILLIANCE OF THEIR COLORS. AURAS ARE OFTEN DEPICTED AS A FIELD OF FLAMES SURROUNDING THE PHYSICAL BODY.

Now Avirbhava and Anando, bring your mechanism.

(SURE ENOUGH, THE MYSTERIOUS BOX ILLUMINATES THE BULBS HELD BY ANANDO AND AVIRBHAVA. THE ASSEMBLY CHEERS THE NEW ADDITION, AND IT IS WHEELED AWAY.)

Maneesha has brought these sutras.
JOSHU STAYED WITH NANSEN FOR THIRTY YEARS. AFTER HIS ENLIGHTENMENT HE LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS MORE IN THE KUAN-YIN TEMPLE. ONCE, HE SAID:
"SMOKE FROM THE CHIMNEYS AROUND ME I SEE IN VAIN, NO BUN OR RICE CAKE SINCE LAST YEAR HAVE I EATEN. NOW THOUGHTS OF THEM MAKE MY MOUTH WATER.
"NOT MINDFUL OF BUDDHISM, I OFTEN SIGH DEEP SIGHS. NONE OF THE PEOPLE OF ONE HUNDRED HOUSES ARE GOOD: EVERY VISITOR ONLY ASKS ME FOR A CUP OF TEA. IF NOT GIVEN ENOUGH, HE ANGRILY LEAVES ME."

What he is saying is all symbolic. First you have to understand that Nansen stayed with his disciple Joshu for thirty years, waiting for the time when Joshu completely and totally opens up and becomes a flower of spiritual splendor. What you have to note about it is that neither is the master in a hurry, nor is the disciple in a hurry. Nowadays, to tell somebody that, "You will have to stay here thirty years, then you can hope -- perhaps, it cannot be guaranteed -- that you may become enlightened"... The world has changed in many ways. The most important way is that everybody is in a hurry, not knowing for what. Everybody is running, not knowing where and why. Everybody is collecting money, power, prestige, without ever thinking -- what are you going to do with all this?

Soon, death will knock on your doors and everything will be taken away.
That which can be taken away by death is worthless to accumulate. Accumulate something that death cannot destroy. There were times when people were interested only in the immortal. That which dies is already dead; it is only a question of time, whether it is today or tomorrow. The body dies, the mind dies, they are of interest no more. The interest has to go deeper -- is there something in you, hidden deep in your empty heart, which does not die? Discover it while there is time.
The whole effort of a certain golden age that we have passed and completely forgotten... all the intelligent people were interested only in one thing: to find the eternal in man. So thirty years was not a question; nobody counted time. The calendar was not consulted. Nobody said to the master, "Now I have been here for two years and nothing has happened."
It reminds me of Junnaid. He used to say to his disciples, the first lesson to every new disciple, was: "Remember this anecdote of my life.... I remained with my master for twelve years. For three years he did not look at me. I would sit by his side, people would come and go -- and he had hundreds of disciples, with their problems -- but he did not look at me. The question of being introduced and the question of asking anything was simply impossible. He behaved as if I were not there, he completely ignored me. "After three years, for the first time he looked at me. And just his look... as if the first rains had come and I was drenched in a new energy, as if I had been dead up to now. Suddenly, his look made me alive."

New doors, new dimensions opened. And for three years again, there was not any other gesture. But Junnaid was perfectly happy and satisfied and contented. If nothing more happens, this much is too much. After three more years passed, the master touched the head of Junnaid. And Junnaid used to say, "I felt such a serenity, such a deep silence descending over me. I became completely hollow, just filled by the grace of the master."

And this went on happening. Three years again, but he was perfectly satisfied. After three years the master hugged him. And the moment the master hugged him -- and not even a word had passed in all these nine years -- he dissolved into the master, he became one with him. Now there was nothing more that he could imagine.

Three more years passed, and the master kissed his third eye. Suddenly, a tremendous lightning, cleansing all his being of all that was ugly, of all that was rubbish; making him completely pure, twenty-four carat gold. And after these twelve years, the master spoke to him for the first time, saying, "Now you can go."

Strange. He has not said a single word to him and now he says, "Now you can go. What I have done to you, try to spread it."

This is transmission: the master is ready to pour down all that is splendorous, but the question is whether the disciple is ready to receive it. Buddha used to say, "There may be a great rain falling -- you can put your pot upside down. What can the rains do? -- your pot will remain empty. Your pot has to be in a position to receive the rains."

These thirty years, Joshu stayed with Nansen. It has to be understood that it was a totally different kind of calculation

about time. People were not interested in time but were interested in the timeless.

I have not come across a single incident in the whole history of consciousness and its evolution where a man was tired because "so many years have passed and nothing has happened." Nobody has ever complained about that. It shows a very unhurried way of life. It shows an understanding that whether we know or not, we are part of eternity. If it is not happening today, it will happen tomorrow; if it is not happening tomorrow, perhaps next life. But immense possibilities are there, so don't be in a hurry. In a hurry you may miss many things which were worth being enjoyed, being tasted. Go slow.

Time went so slow that almost nobody was interested in time. The whole effort was to know the timeless.

Today, time has become very important. People are counting minutes, people are counting hours, because they have forgotten their eternity completely. And particularly Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity -- these three religions have been helpful in making people too hurried, too tense, because in seventy years so many longings and so many dreams have to be fulfilled. There is no time for anything else.

And all those dreams remain unfulfilled; all those longings remain as far away as the origin. Man runs and runs and reaches nowhere, but more and more he wants.

You must have read Leo Tolstoy's famous story, "How Much Land Does a Man Require?" Leo Tolstoy is one of the greatest men humanity has produced. And just a few days ago I came to know... He was never given a Nobel Prize. Nobody is more worthy of a Nobel Prize than Leo

Tolstoy. His creativity is immense, he has not been surpassed by anyone. He was nominated, but the nomination was refused by the committee.

The Nobel Prize committee opens it records to the public only after fifty years, so just this year they have opened their records for the public to see, or for research workers to look into. And I was so shocked! In the records it is said, "Leo Tolstoy cannot be given the Nobel Prize because he is not an orthodox Christian." That was the reason. He IS Christian, but he is not orthodox Christian. He has his own original ideas which are not traditional.

These considerations... His great books ANNA KARENINA, WAR AND PEACE -- they are not considered at all. The consideration is whether he's orthodox Christian or not. Then they should make it clear that the Nobel Prize is only for orthodox Christians. Why go on being hypocritical?

But these three religions have created a tremendous difficulty for humanity. They have all given the idea that you have only one life. Not knowing anything about past lives, they have given man a tremendously speedy, hurried way of life. You have to fulfill so much that everything remains incomplete. You cannot complete anything because you are in such a hurry -- another thing is waiting, lined up!

People die with empty hands.

All the Eastern religions -- Taoism, Buddhism, Jainism, Hinduism -- have given a totally different dimension, the whole eternity. You are not confined into seventy years; birth and death are simply episodes in your eternity. Many

times you have been born and many times you have died; still, the eternal principle of life continues.
That has given the East a certain restfulness. There is no hurry, you can sit by the side of the master for twelve years. The master can take his own time -- three years to look at you, three years to put his hand on you. Three years to hug you. Three years to touch your third eye and send a thunderbolt which transforms your whole being. And not giving you any verbal message... Junnaid was simply told by the master, "Now you can go. My work is complete. And whatever I have done to you, do to others."
This you have to remember. Just the very remembrance that we have been here forever and we will be here forever gives a deep relaxation. There is no hurry; we can do everything as minutely, in as much detail... we can do things to perfection.

AFTER HIS ENLIGHTENMENT HE LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS MORE IN THE KUAN-YIN TEMPLE. ONCE, HE SAID -- what he is saying is very symbolic -- "SMOKE FROM THE CHIMNEYS AROUND ME I SEE IN VAIN..."
He's saying, "There are people, I see the smoke from their chimneys from my mountaintop. But in vain, because nothing ever becomes ripe. Nothing is ever completely cooked. These people are absolutely aware that I am waiting here on the mountaintop and I have something precious to give them."
NO BUN OR RICE CAKE SINCE LAST YEAR HAVE I EATEN.

He does not mean buns or rice cakes. What he means is "Since last year I have not come across a ripe man." That's what his master Nansen has said, that, "He is a very ripe fruit. Give him good treatment. He can fall from the tree any moment."

NOW THOUGHTS OF THEM MAKE MY MOUTH WATER.

He is saying, "Just the thought that these people are there, carrying inside a tremendous delight... and I am sitting here ready to open up the door, but they are absolutely unaware of their own treasures."

NOT MINDFUL OF BUDDHISM...

Naturally, when you become enlightened you are no more interested in any `ism'. It may be Buddhism, it may be Jainism, it may be Taoism, it does not matter. Enlightenment takes you beyond all `isms'. `Isms' are simply philosophical statements. Enlightenment is the very experience.

So he says, NOT MINDFUL OF BUDDHISM -- because Buddhism will not allow what he is doing -- I OFTEN SIGH DEEP SIGHS for the people, who are so close to the truth but will remain far away because even the desire, even the quest has not arisen in them.

NONE OF THE PEOPLE OF ONE HUNDRED HOUSES ARE GOOD...

Just below his mountain there were one hundred houses. Not a single individual from that village has come to inquire, "What is this monk doing here, sitting under his tree, for thirty years?" They are unconcerned.

It is not something new. In Poona there may be more than two million people, and none of them must have ever

thought, "What is going in this place in Buddha Auditorium?" They may pass by on the road, they may see something is going on, but no inquiry. They are so involved in the ordinary that they keep themselves completely blind about the ultimate.

EVERY VISITOR ONLY ASKS ME FOR A CUP OF TEA. And even if someone comes by the way, a stranger, he asks me for a cup of tea. I could have given him the whole world, the whole universe. But such is the poverty of the mind. He does not look at me, he simply wants a cup of tea. He is just passing by: "Perhaps this monk in his temple must have tea. But this monk has something of the divine -- that he is not concerned about."

IF NOT GIVEN ENOUGH, HE ANGRILY LEAVES ME. Now, Joshu has no obligation to provide tea for strangers. He himself is a poor monk. He can give something which you have not even imagined in your dreams, but you are completely unaware and blind. People even become angry if he says that there is no tea. "I can give you myself, I can share many other things, but tea is not there. I am a poor monk." They become angry.

While you are listening to these statements and anecdotes, always remember one thing: don't listen to them as if they are about somebody else.

One line of an English poem is, "For whom the bell tolls." In a Christian village, when somebody dies, the church bell rings to inform the farmers around that "somebody has died, come back from the fields."

The poem says: "Never ask for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee." It has a great insight. Whoever dies shows you one fact, that you are also going to die.
Before death takes you, do something to find something so that you can defeat death.

AT ANOTHER TIME JOSHU WAS ASKED: "A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DIFFERENCE -- AND WHAT HAPPENS?"
It is again an ancient Zen koan: A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DIFFERENCE -- AND WHAT HAPPENS? People are given this koan to meditate upon. Nothing else is said. What are the things in which a hair's breadth of difference makes a great difference? "A hair's breadth"... people meditate on it. As they go deeper... they cannot find any intellectual answer to it, but as they go deeper they find the answer one day.
The answer is, between you and your center just a hair's breadth of difference is a great difference. Even that much difference should not remain. You should dissolve into your center, utterly and completely. Only then can you be called a fulfilled man, an awakened man, a buddha.
THE MASTER ANSWERED, "HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FAR AWAY."
Zen is very special in its ways of dialogue and everything. THE MASTER ANSWERED, "HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FAR AWAY." Now this seems to be absolutely irrelevant to what the man is asking.
THE MONK ASKED, "AND WHEN THERE IS NOT A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DIFFERENCE?" Then what happens? And Joshu said, "HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE

FAR AWAY," The same answer to both questions, and both answers are absolutely irrelevant to the question! It creates a situation, and that is the whole work of a master. He is saying, "You are asking a question which is not for asking, which is only available to those who enter in themselves and find it. Otherwise, heaven and earth are far apart."

The man had thought perhaps he could ask the question differently. But the answer remained the same. The master, without saying that "You are asking irrelevant things, things which cannot be asked and answered, which can only be experienced"... But this is the way Zen has developed a tremendous language of its own. Replying to him with irrelevant answers, Joshu is throwing him back again and again; perhaps he may get the point. He does not say to him directly, "Experience!"

There is only one thing in life where a hair's breadth will make an immense difference: if you reach so close to your center... but just a hair's breadth and heaven and earth are far apart. The distance is as much as it is between the earth and heaven. It does not matter that you have come very close; even closeness is a distance.

You cannot say, "I am approximately enlightened." Even approximately enlightened you are ignorant. Either you are enlightened or you are not enlightened; not even a single hair's breadth will make you approximately enlightened. Just think: either you are alive or you are dead, you cannot say fifty-fifty! Either you are awake or you are asleep, you cannot say fifty-fifty.

Joshu is kind enough to have answered even such a man. Because Zen is a very delicate matter, a very fragile matter:

it deals with the ultimate reality. You have to handle it very carefully.
Tetsuan wrote:
TOO MUCH HAPPENS HERE
WHERE NOTHING SHOULD AT ALL;
A THATCHED HUT IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE
A BUSY PLACE,
BUT MOUNTAIN BIRDS COME
TO FLEE THE EVENING RAIN
IN THESE DENSE WOODS.
CLOUDS DRIP PATTERNS
OF SLIPPERY MOSS
ON STONE BEDS.
THIS FLOATING WORLD IS JUST A TUNE
WHISTLED ON A SWORD HILT.
FAME AND FORTUNE
HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME.

Tetsuan is talking about the small hut in which Joshu lived. He is saying, "Too much happens here on this faraway mountain, in a thatched hut. TOO MUCH HAPPENS HERE WHERE NOTHING SHOULD AT ALL, because it is so far away from the world. But still so much happens. A THATCHED HUT IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE A BUSY PLACE." But it is a busy place because to a Zen master, everything happening around -- clouds and flowers and trees -- have equal status to man.
A THATCHED HUT IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE A BUSY PLACE, BUT MOUNTAIN BIRDS COME. Man may not come, but mountain birds come TO FLEE THE EVENING RAIN IN THESE DENSE WOODS. CLOUDS

DRIP PATTERNS OF SLIPPERY MOSS ON STONE BEDS. THIS FLOATING WORLD IS JUST A TUNE WHISTLED ON A SWORD HILT. FAME AND FORTUNE HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME.
Tetsuan lived with Joshu. The world may have forgotten them, their fame and name -- but a few seekers find the way, however deep in the forest a man like Joshu hides. A man of awakened soul is a great magnetic pull. Wherever somebody suddenly has an urge to search on unknown paths, they start moving towards the master, not knowing exactly where they are going.
That's how you have gathered here. There is no reason for you to be here, but something goes on keeping you here. Some immense possibility of finding the truth, of experiencing the beauty, of knowing the meaning of life.
Question 1
Maneesha has asked a question:
BELOVED OSHO,
HAS ONE ONLY RECEIVED A HIT IF IT HURTS?

Maneesha, a master hits not to hurt but to heal. And a disciple receives the hit with tremendous gratitude, not with anger. Unless a hit is received with gratitude it cannot do its work of healing. You are all full of wounds, and they all need to be exposed to the sun, to the open sky. Unless you allow yourself to be exposed completely, you cannot get rid of those wounds. The normal way in the world is to hide the wounds so nobody knows about them -- go on hiding them deeper and deeper in the unconscious, so even you forget them. But to work on the consciousness, cleaning it

from all the wounds is absolutely necessary. Those wounds have to be brought into the open.
You are asking, "Has one only received a hit if it hurts?" No, Maneesha. If it hurts you have missed. If it does not hurt but creates a gratitude, a love, it heals.
LAST NIGHT I DID NOT FEEL HURT.
You are an old sinner, Maneesha. You have been with this strange man long enough. But you don't know that by your side, Zareen was sitting; your migraine immediately jumped on Zareen! Today she is sitting far away from you. For seven years she had no migraine. Last night she suffered migraine, I saw it jumping on her! But I kept quiet, because she is new and she has to understand many things. This was also a great experience for her, that this is not an ordinary assembly of people, this is not a Lion's Club or a Rotary Club. We are involved in the greatest experiment of transforming consciousness. If you keep remembering it, you can overcome all the stumbling blocks.
I hope that Zareen has overcome the migraine. But it jumped on her because she is new and she does not know that in such a place, the master hits only when he loves. The master hits only when he finds you worthy enough.
You are saying:
I SAW THE TRUTH OF WHAT YOU SAID BUT DID NOT HATE MYSELF OR STOP LOVING YOU. DID I MISS?
No, Maneesha, fortunately you did not miss.
I KNOW YOU WILL HIT ME AGAIN IF I NEED IT -- AND THIS TIME I DON'T HAVE THE EXCUSE OF A MIGRAINE.

Look where your migraine has gone! Now, when everybody is in meditation, Zareen has to throw it as far away as possible. Whoever deserves it will get it! And I promise you, Maneesha, whether you need it or not I will hit. Just for sheer joy!

Now today's time is devoted to Zareen....

Little Ernie swaggers into the bar and shouts to the shapely barmaid, "Gimme a triple scotch on the rocks!"
"Hey, kid," says the barmaid. "You don't look to be more than seven years old. Do you want to get me into trouble or something?"
"Maybe later," says Ernie. "Right now I just want the scotch!"

Alfonso, the Italian, is dragging a large, heavy box down the middle of the street when he suddenly stops in front of a house. He knocks on the door and a woman comes to open it.
"Are you Widow Jones?" asks Alfonso.
"My name is not Widow Jones," replies the woman. "It is Mrs. Jones."
"Well," says Alfonso, sadly, "just wait till you see what I've got in this box!"

Old Father Fungus is getting very deaf in his advanced years, so he asks his flock to write down their sins on a piece of paper instead of speaking them to him.
Everything is going well with this method, until one day Father Fungus hears someone crash his way into his

confessional booth, belch loudly, and blow his nose. The strong smell of whiskey pours from the other side of the box as Father Fungus hears his old friend Paddy fumbling around in his pockets. Finally, Paddy passes a small, crumpled scrap of paper through the curtain into the priest's hand.
The confession reads: Ten cans of beer. One six-pack of Coca-Cola. Half a dozen eggs. Three rolls of toilet paper, two condoms and one box of tampons.
Old Father Fungus looks at the note for a minute, shrugs, and silently passes it back to Paddy.
Paddy stares at the paper in shock. "Oh Jesus!" he cries. "I must have left my goddam sins at the supermarket!"

Prince Charles and Princess Diana of England are invited to be the guests of honor at the All-England Agricultural Show.
After they preside over the opening ceremony, the royal couple dutifully walk around to mix with the farmers and look at the exhibits. Soon Charles gets bored and heads for the beer tent, and Diana walks over to admire the prize bull -- and never did a male animal have such splendid equipment!
The princess is shocked and amazed at the size of the beast's machinery, and calls over the bull's attendant, Farmer Cowtit, for a talk.
"That is a fine animal you have there," says Diana.
"Yes, your highness," replies Cowtit. "He is a champion, and the father of champions."
"Really?" says the princess, getting excited. "Tell me about him."

"Well, my lady," continues the farmer, "this bull went to stud three hundred times last year!"
"Really?" exclaims Diana. "That's amazing! I must tell my husband about this." And she runs off to get Charles.
She finds him in the beer tent, boozing with a bunch of farmers.
"Come with me, Charles!" snaps Diana. "I am going to show you an animal that will make you feel ashamed of yourself!" And she drags him over to the bull.
"Now, my good man," says Diana to Farmer Cowtit, pointing to the bull's balls. "Tell my husband what you told me about this bull."
"Well," replies the farmer, "as I was explaining to the princess here, this magnificent bull went to stud three hundred times last year."
"And that, Charles," interrupts Diana, "is almost every day!"
"Very interesting," slurs Charles. "But I bet he doesn't have to screw the same old cow!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)
(Drumbeat)
Be silent. Close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards, collecting your whole consciousness -- with great urgency, as if this moment is your last moment of life. Only with such urgency can one reach to the center of life. And the center of life is the center of eternal, immortal, universal being.

Deeper and deeper, because you are going to meet, at the boundary line between you and the oceanic consciousness, the buddha himself. Your being a buddha is a necessary preparation for taking another step and jumping into the cosmic whole... not leaving even footprints in the blue sky. The greatest blissfulness is not to be. Thousands of flowers start showering on you.
Just be an empty heart
and you will be filled
with tremendous treasures.

To make it clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Relax.
And just remain watchful, witnessing the body, the mind. You are neither of them. You are only the witness. This witness is metaphorically referred to as the buddha, the awakened one.

How cool it feels at the center -- a fresh breeze, a new fragrance that you have never experienced. The whole consciousness becomes full of stars.

This evening was beautiful in itself. But ten thousand buddhas dissolving themselves into the ocean of consciousness have made it majestic. I can see that your consciousnesses have become a lake. Buddha Auditorium is just a lake of silent witnessing.

In such lakes, lotuses blossom, truth is experienced, love for the first time understood. Beauty is no more a physical thing but an inner grace.
Collect as many flowers as you can before Nivedano calls you back.
This is your true nature.
This is your original face.
You don't have to go to any temple to find the buddha.
Your witness is the buddha.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Now come back. But come back like buddhas, with great peace, with immense grace, with a song in the heart, with a dance in every fiber of your being. And sit for a few moments, just to recollect the whole experience -- where you have been, the golden path that you've traveled back and forth. This path you will have to travel back and forth many many times.
Only then, one day you are ripe.
Only then the time comes
for the ultimate explosion.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar
Chapter #4
Chapter title: Go on digging
18 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
ON ONE OCCASION, JOSHU SAID TO HIS MONKS:
I HAVE SINGLE-HEARTEDLY PRACTICED ZAZEN IN THE SOUTHERN PROVINCE FOR THIRTY YEARS. IF YOU WANT TO REALIZE ENLIGHTENMENT, YOU SHOULD REALIZE THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM, DOING ZAZEN.
IN THE COURSE OF THREE, FIVE, TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS, IF YOU FAIL TO GRASP THE WAY, YOU MAY CUT OFF MY HEAD AND MAKE IT INTO A LADLE TO DRAW URINE WITH.
JOSHU IS ALSO REPORTED TO HAVE SAID:
THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE ONLY SEEKERS AFTER BUDDHA, BUT NOT A SINGLE ONE IS A TRUE MAN OF TAO. BEFORE THE EXISTENCE OF THE WORLD THE SELF-NATURE REMAINS INTACT. NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN THIS OLD MONK, YOU ARE NO LONGER SOMEONE ELSE, BUT A MASTER OF YOURSELF. WHAT'S THE USE OF SEEKING ANOTHER IN THE EXTERIOR?
ONCE A MONK ASKED JOSHU: "WHAT IS YOUR FAMILY'S TRADITION?"
JOSHU RESPONDED: "I HAVE NOTHING INSIDE, AND I SEEK FOR NOTHING OUTSIDE."

Maneesha, the word `zazen' has to be understood before I can start discussing the sutras that you have brought. Zen I have explained to you. It comes from the Sanskrit dhyan. Buddha never used Sanskrit as a part of his revolution.

Sanskrit was the language of the learned, it has never been a language of the masses. Buddha broke away from tradition and started speaking in the language of the masses. It was a revolt against scholarship, learnedness, the pundits, the rabbis, the people of the scripture, whose whole heart is in their books. And because of those books they cannot see the reality.

Buddha started speaking in the language of his province, Pali. In Pali, dhyan changes its form a little bit. It becomes jhan. When Bodhidharma reached China, jhan again changed, into Chinese; it became ch'an. And when the school of Rinzai took the same message to Japan from China, the word ch'an came very close to the very original Pali, jhan. It became in Japan, zen.

In English there is no equivalent word. There are words like concentration, contemplation... but they are all of the mind. Dhyan means going beyond the mind. It is not concentration, it is not contemplation; it is just letting the mind be put aside and looking at reality and your own existence directly, without the mind interpreting it.

Have you ever tried small experiments? Watching a roseflower, can you watch the roseflower without the mind saying, "How beautiful"? Can you just watch the rose without the mind saying anything at all? In that moment you are in the state of dhyan, or zen.

I am reminded of a story. Twenty-five centuries ago it was a great coincidence that in Greece there was Socrates and in India were Gautam Buddha and Mahavira, and in China there were Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu -- all expressing the

existential truth, indicating towards it. It is very strange that suddenly, all over the world, there were at least six people fully awakened. Their words may be different because their languages are different, but their indication is to the same moon. That is absolutely certain.

Dhyan means looking, either outside or inside, without thinking -- just looking straight forward. Your eyes become only a mirror. The mirror never says anything to anybody. Neither does it condemn the ugly nor does it appreciate the beautiful; it is simply non-judgmental. Dhyan is, exactly, a non-judgmental state of mirror-like consciousness, just seeing and not saying anything. Then seeing becomes total. And in that seeing is the truth, is the good, is the beauty.

Because of this phenomenon, in the East there is no equivalent word for `philosophy'. In the East the word that has become equivalent is darshan, but darshan refers to a totally different dimension than philosophy. Philosophy means love of wisdom. It is love of knowledge. And darshan means just the opposite: not the love of wisdom or of knowledge, but of seeing. Darshan means seeing. Dhyan is the method, the path; and darshan, seeing the truth with your own eyes, is the goal of the whole Eastern effort.

What is zazen? Zen is, just once or twice a day... in the early morning when the sun is rising and the birds are singing, you sit silently by the side of the ocean or the river or the lake. It is not something that you have to do continuously. It is just like any other activity. You take your bath -- that does not mean that for twenty-four hours you have to continue taking a shower. Zazen exactly means that: taking a shower continuously. Zen is a periodic effort

to see the truth. Zazen is a twenty-four hour, around-the-clock remaining aware, alert, in the state beyond mind. Your activities should show it, your words should show it. Even your walking should show it -- the grace, the beauty, the truth, the validity, the authority.

So zazen is an extension of Zen around the clock. Just because of zazen, monasteries came into existence. Because if you are living an ordinary life of a householder you cannot manage to contemplate, to be in the state of Zen twenty-four hours a day. You have to do many other things. And there is every possibility that while you are doing other things you may forget the undercurrent. So monasteries came into existence. The society decided that the people who want to go deeper into their being are doing such a great experiment for the whole humanity, because if even one man becomes a buddha, with him the whole humanity rises a little bit in consciousness.

It may not be apparent. It is just like when the Ganges... a big river, so big that by the time it reaches to meet the ocean its name, from Ganga, becomes Gangasagar, "the ocean of Ganges." It becomes oceanic -- so vast. As it moves into the ocean, the ocean certainly rises a little bit. The ocean is so vast that even hundreds and thousands of rivers never create a flood in the ocean, but certainly even a single dewdrop raises the level. At least you can comprehend it: a single dewdrop losing itself in the ocean, and the ocean is something more than it was before -- one dewdrop more.

The people of those days were certainly more subjective, of more clarity that the real evolution of man is not in developing machines, technology; the real evolution has to

happen in the consciousness of man. His consciousness has to become a pinnacle, an Everest, a peak that rises high above the clouds. If even a single man succeeds, it is not only his success, it is also the success of all men -- past, present, future -- because it gives a clear-cut indication that we are not trying; otherwise we could also be buddhas. Those who have tried, have become. It is our intrinsic nature.

The society supported the monks, supported the monasteries. There were thousands of monasteries with thousands of monks who were not doing anything. Society allowed them -- "We are engaged in production. We will provide you with food and clothes. You go totally into your effort of reaching the highest peak of consciousness. Your success is not going to be only your success. If thousands of people become buddhas, the whole humanity, without any effort, will find a certain rise in consciousness."

This was a great insight. And society took over the burden of thousands of monks, of thousands of monasteries; all their needs were fulfilled by the society. Today, that society has disappeared because today even the concept that you are a hidden buddha has disappeared. A strange idea has caught humanity, that every man is an island. And that is sheer nonsense. Even the islands are not islands. Just go down a little deeper and they are joined with the continent. Everybody is joined, it is just a question of going a little deeper. Our roots are entangled with each other, our source of life is the same.

It was a tremendous insight of those days that they decided -- particularly, for example, in Tibet: every family had to contribute one child to the monastery, and in the monastery

he had to do only zazen. He had no other work to distract him.

But now that possibility does not exist. Hence, I have managed different devices in which you can remain in the world -- no need to go to a monastery, because there is nobody to support you. You can be in the world and yet manage an undercurrent of fire that slowly slowly becomes like your breathing. You don't have to remember it.

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

ON ONE OCCASION, JOSHU SAID TO HIS MONKS: I HAVE SINGLE-HEARTEDLY PRACTICED ZAZEN IN THE SOUTHERN PROVINCE FOR THIRTY YEARS.

He is referring to those thirty years with his master, Nansen. He is saying, "I have single-heartedly practiced zazen for thirty years continuously, without ever bothering about how far away enlightenment is." Is it going to happen or not? Is it a truth or just a mirage? Is it something real or only a fiction created by dreamers? Without any doubt, how can one sustain for thirty years the same routine around the clock -- walking, sitting, sleeping?

The whole heart is devoted to one thing: how to become more conscious, how to become a witness, how to remain a witness whatever happens. It is possible only if you have come in contact with a master, exceptions not included. The master is an example that the dream can be fulfilled. That it is not a dream, it is a reality -- it is just that we have not tried in the right way.

Joshu could continue for thirty years just because he saw Nansen. The very presence of Nansen filled him with a

great explosion of joy. "It is possible! If it is possible for Nansen, it is possible for me."

Nansen had asked him, "Do you have a master or not?" and he did not reply to exactly the question that was asked. He said, "I am with the master." He said, "My master is in front of me," indicating Nansen, who was lying down meditating. And he addressed Nansen as "Tathagata."

Tathagata is the most lovely word used for Gautam Buddha. Just out of respect, the disciples don't use the name Gautam Buddha, they use the word "Tathagata." And tathagata is very meaningful. It comes from tathata. Tathata means thisness, just here and now -- a man who always remains here and now, never wavering towards past or future, is a tathagata. He neither goes anywhere nor comes back, he simply remains here. Time passes by, clouds pass by, but nothing touches him. His being here is from eternity to eternity. That is the most cherished word the followers of Buddha used to address him.

Joshu said to Nansen, "Tathagata, I am with my master." And in that moment something happened -- just in silence. Nothing was said, nothing was heard, but something transpired, something was transferred. In Zen they call it "transmission of the lamp." And Nansen never asked him to be initiated; neither did Joshu ask to be initiated. The initiation had happened without any ceremony and without anybody ever knowing it. The moment he called him "Tathagata"... that moment was very precious. "I am with my master."

Nansen accepted him, without saying anything. He simply called the head monk of the monastery and told him, "Take care of this new fellow. He is going to become ripe very

soon. If he can recognize me as tathagata, he has already moved half the way. It won't take long for him to recognize himself as tathagata. He has the right vision, the right direction... just a question of a little time."

But that "little time" took thirty years. Those days of patience are gone. Now you need quick things, the quicker the better. Because of this strange idea of quickness all things that grow very slowly and very silently have disappeared. Consciousness is one of those things which you cannot grow quickly. Thirty years sitting in zazen, Joshu became enlightened. What Nansen said was, "He will take just a little time." In the eyes of Nansen, thirty years are just a little time compared to the eternity of existence on both sides. What is thirty years? Nothing, not even a little time.

Joshu was talking to his disciples:

"IF YOU WANT TO REALIZE ENLIGHTENMENT, YOU SHOULD REALIZE THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM, DOING ZAZEN."

The essence of Buddhism is not in the scriptures, not in the words of Buddha. It is something to be understood, because it has far-reaching implications. Whatever Buddha has said is as close to truth as possible, but even being close to truth, it is not true. Even closeness is only a kind of distance. So you cannot find the essence of the experience of Buddha through the scriptures. That is the ordinary conception of people, that if you read Buddhism, if you become a learned scholar of Buddhism, you will know the essence of it.

One great Buddhist monk, Bhadant Anand Kausalyayan, met me by chance in a Buddhist conference in Bodhgaya. He took me out of the crowd and asked me, "Whatever you

were saying is so authoritative, but... Forgive me for interrupting you, I loved whatever you said, but I have never found in any scripture the stories you were telling. And I am the head of the Buddhist Society of India."
I had heard his name, I had read his books. I said, "It is a great opportunity to meet you. I have loved your books, but I can say to you that you don't know the essence of Buddhism. Otherwise you would have understood my stories. It does not matter whether it really happened or not."
He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "Whatever I have said, if it has not happened it should have happened. That's what I mean. Even Gautam Buddha cannot deny it. It may not have happened -- that I can accept, that it is not factual. I don't care much about facts. To me, truth is something more than a factual incident. It is anything that carries the essence."
He said, "You are a strange fellow. I have never heard such an idea."
He lived in Nagpur. I used to pass Nagpur once in a while; he would always come and he would say, "This story I have read in your book. I loved it, but the problem is that it never happened in Buddha's life."
I said, "For that I am not responsible. If it did not happen, what can I do? It should have happened! You are a learned scholar; you can add it somewhere in the Buddhist scriptures."
He said, "What are you saying? Nothing can be added to the scriptures."
I said, "Any scripture to which nothing can be added is dead."

When I entered America, the inquiry officer asked me a few questions... whether I am an anarchist, a communist. I told him, "Listen, I am a living man." He said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "I may not be anarchist today, but tomorrow I can be an anarchist. So this whole stupid inquiry... with a living man! You should only allow the dead who are not going to change, ever. Living persons you should not allow in America. Because I am continuously growing, new leaves will come, new flowers will come. Who knows? Anarchism, communism..."
He said, "You are a strange fellow! I am asking a simple thing, I am not a philosopher."
I said, "I am also not a philosopher, but make a note that your inquiry is applicable to a dead person only -- not to a living person. If you ask me this moment what I am, I can tell you. Next moment, nobody knows what I will be. Even I don't know. Then don't call me contradictory. I am a communist, I am an anarchist, and a little more. Do you have any category?"

Gautam Buddha, twenty-five centuries back... I can add much more to his teachings. These twenty-five centuries have not gone by in vain. Consciousness has taken on new terms, has known new skies, has flown farther than ever before. Because of this stupidity that you cannot add anything, all the scriptures become dead.
I asked Anand Kausalyayan, "If Gautam Buddha himself had lived for twenty-five centuries, do you think he would be saying the same things?"

He said, "You are crazy, but rational. It is true. If he had lived for twenty-five centuries, he would have added much."

I said, "Then it is my responsibility to add a few things here and there. I take the liberty because I have tasted the same consciousness. You have not tasted the consciousness -- that's why you are worried. You know only the dead scripture, which died twenty-five centuries ago. I am a living scripture."

To realize the essence of Buddhism is to realize what Buddha realized, is to go as deep into yourself as Buddha went in. That's what we are doing here. And we are not Buddhists, we don't belong to any dead tradition or any dead orthodoxy. There is no need. We are all carrying the buddha within us -- why go on searching anywhere else? That is the purpose of zazen, to search through all the garbage that you have accumulated down the centuries. You have been here on the earth for four million years in different shapes, in different bodies, in different species. You have gathered so much around your small buddha that you will have to dig as deep as possible. And don't waver in digging.

One great Sufi mystic, Jalaluddin Rumi, one day took his disciples to a field where a farmer had been trying for months to dig a well. The disciples were feeling a little reluctant -- what is the point in going there? Whatever he wants to say, he can say here. But Jalaluddin insisted: "You come with me. Without coming you will not understand." What the farmer had done was, he would start digging in one place, go ten feet, twelve feet, would not find water and would start digging in another place. He had dug eight

holes and now he was working on the ninth. He had destroyed the whole field.
Rumi told his disciples, "Don't be like this idiot. If he had put all this energy into digging one hole he would have found water, howsoever deep it is. He has wasted his energy unnecessarily."
And that's what everybody is doing. You start, you go a little bit, and then you start again sometime later, or some years later. You go a little bit from a different direction. These little bits are dangerous. Your effort should be concentrated, and once you start, and you have a master in whom you can trust and in whom you can see the realization of a buddha, then there is no going back. Then go on digging, even if it takes thirty years.
That's what Joshu is saying:
IN THE COURSE OF THREE, FIVE, TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS, IF YOU FAIL TO GRASP THE WAY, YOU MAY CUT OFF MY HEAD AND MAKE IT INTO A LADLE TO DRAW URINE WITH.
I promise you, at the risk of my head, that if you continue... one never knows. Three years, five years, twenty years, thirty years -- one never knows how much garbage you have gathered. Sometimes it can happen in a single moment. Sometimes it can take years. It all depends on the thickness of the layers of dust, past memories, future aspirations, and how courageous you are to cut the whole thing in a single blow.
Without any rest, go on digging. The water is certainly everywhere; so is the buddha-consciousness in every living being. Only man is so fortunate that he can understand it. Other animals are also on the way....

Scientists think that the theory of evolution is Charles Darwin's concept. In the scientific field it is true, but they are not aware of the Eastern concept of evolution. A very different concept -- far more relevant and far more valid. It is not that one monkey simply becomes man. It is very difficult. You can force him, massage him, stretch him, operate on his tail, put his tie right, but a monkey is a monkey. I don't think that suddenly one day some monkey got the idea, jumped out of the tree, stood on his two feet, and started becoming man. If so, all the other monkeys would have become man. They don't become, they are still there in the trees.

The East does not mean by evolution that a monkey becomes a man, but the consciousness of a monkey may be born into a human being. It is not the body that evolves; it is the consciousness within that goes on taking higher forms, goes on reaching towards higher peaks. Man up to now is the highest peak of all that the animals have been trying to be, unconsciously. This is the fortunate situation for man, that he can do consciously some work that other animals cannot do.

It is impossible to teach meditation to a buffalo, although buffalos look more meditative than man. But nothing can be taught, and even if there are a few birds, or a few animals who can be taught a few tricks, that does not become their evolution. They simply become actors. A few animals have the capacity to imitate, but only to imitate. Neither can they add anything nor can they delete anything.

I told Anand Kausalyayan, "You are old, but still it is not too late. The essence of Buddhism is not in the Buddhist

scriptures, the essence of Buddhism is in being a buddha." And one becomes a buddha if he reaches his own center. Joshu is completely certain; otherwise he would not have made such a statement: IN THE COURSE OF THREE, FIVE, TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS... because in thirty years he became enlightened. He thinks, "If a man like me can become a buddha, then anybody can become. There are more intelligent people than me, more courageous people than me. Somebody may become in three years, somebody in five years."

The question of time is irrelevant. The real thing is to begin now, don't postpone for tomorrow. Deeper somewhere, there is a life source -- that much is certain. You are alive, you are breathing, you are listening, your heart is beating. You are perfectly alive, so there must be a source from where life is coming to you. This much can be said with an absolute guarantee, that you are connected with the universe and that connection is your buddhahood.

JOSHU IS ALSO REPORTED TO HAVE SAID: THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE ONLY SEEKERS AFTER BUDDHA, BUT NOT A SINGLE ONE IS A TRUE MAN OF TAO.

To be a seeker in a lukewarm way, thinking that buddhahood is certain..."If I don't work it out today, there is tomorrow." The seeker without an urgency -- there are thousands of people around the world. There are even more cases now than at the time of Joshu -- there are millions of people who have a certain idea that one day they will turn inwards, but that day has not come yet. There are so many other things to be done. There are always, there have

always been thousands of people interested, but not interested enough to risk their whole life. And unless you risk your whole life, unless it becomes such an urgency that it has to be done whatever the consequences -- whatsoever the losses, you have to know yourself -- unless this becomes such a total thirst, you will not become a buddha. Or a man of Tao -- which are not two things; a man of Tao is the Chinese expression for the same experience as becoming a buddha.

BEFORE THE EXISTENCE OF THE WORLD THE SELF-NATURE REMAINS INTACT. NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN THIS OLD MONK -- Joshu is pointing at himself. NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN THIS OLD MONK, YOU ARE NO LONGER SOMEONE ELSE, BUT A MASTER OF YOURSELF. If you have seen me clearly, you have seen yourself clearly, because I am nothing but a mirror. Only a blind man can pass without seeing himself in me, his own image.

The master's basic, fundamental function is to be a mirror to the disciple so the disciple can have a certain idea of what a man of Tao means, what it means to be a buddha. Joshu, with a lion's roar, is saying, "When you have seen this old monk, you are no longer someone else but a master of yourself." A master only reflects your masterhood. He reflects your potentiality, he reflects what originally you are and you have forgotten.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SEEKING ANOTHER IN THE EXTERIOR?

Joshu is saying, "If you cannot see the buddha in me, then don't waste your time. You will not be able to see it anywhere." This certainty comes with self-experience.

I have called this book JOSHU -- THE LION'S ROAR. Normally, buddhas are very humble. Joshu is also very humble but he cannot help but say with absolute authority that "once you have seen me, you have looked into a mirror. If you cannot find your master here, then you will be wasting your time wandering around the world, and you will think that you are a seeker. There is no need to seek; just see that you are fortunate to have come across a master."
This authority arises out of absolute experience.

ONCE A MONK ASKED JOSHU, "WHAT IS YOUR FAMILY'S TRADITION?"
By "family" is not meant the ordinary family; by "family" is meant your master, your master's master. Once you have become a buddha, you are reborn. Now there is no question of your ordinary family, your ordinary parents. Your master has become the one closest to you. Your master has become a rebirth for you. So, "WHAT IS YOUR FAMILY'S TRADITION?" someone asked Joshu.
JOSHU RESPONDED... and you have to learn how these Zen masters respond, they don't reply. They don't repeat. Their response... perhaps the questioner has never dreamt that somebody will respond to his question in this way.
JOSHU RESPONDED: "I HAVE NOTHING INSIDE, AND I SEEK FOR NOTHING OUTSIDE. This is the tradition of my family. Inside, an empty heart asking for nothing. Outside, no desire, no ambition. This is the tradition of my family."
This is the tradition of all the buddhas. This has to become your tradition too.

Ryushu, a Zen poet, wrote:
THREE, TWO, ONE; ONE, TWO, THREE --
HOW ARE YOU EVER GOING TO PROBE
THE MYSTERIES OF ZEN?
SPRING BIRDS BUSY ON MY ROOF
AFTER THE RAIN
TRY OUT SOME NEW SOUNDS,
TWEETING AND CHIRPING.

What does Ryushu mean by THREE, TWO, ONE? Man begins either from the concept of three... just like the Hindu trimurti, three faces of God, or like the Christian trinity. The words `trinity' and `trimurti' both come from the same root, tri. The word `three' comes from tri. Either one can begin from three -- the knower, the known and the knowledge, the seeker, the sought and the search -- or one can begin in a contrary way: ONE, TWO, THREE. One can start from oneself; then he finds the other, he witnesses it. The other can be anything in your inner experience. And then the third: the third is the very witnessing. The one who witnesses, the other, which is witnessed, and the process of witnessing is the third.
Ryushu is saying: Whatever you do, this way or that, you will not reach to the ultimate. These are all games, which philosophers tend to play. It is better not to get involved in games of spirituality, but just be silent and watch what is happening around you.
SPRING BIRDS BUSY ON MY ROOF AFTER THE RAIN -- watch these small things, the rain and the mist that it has left behind, and the fragrance that comes from the earth. And the birds who are busy on the roof -- they

are trying NEW SOUNDS, TWEETING AND CHIRPING.
Ryushu is saying there is no need to be very serious about the search. You can become a witness of ordinary things -- the witnessing is the same, whether you witness a bird chirping or you witness your mind chattering. Whether you witness a sunrise outside or you witness your innermost being, witnessing is the same.
Ryushu is saying, rather than getting involved in controversial philosophies, start from small things. Learn from small things one art -- the art of witnessing. And then use that same art inwards. It is easier to learn it in the outside world.
It is because of this that Zen became a very artistic religion. No other religion is so artistic: their monasteries are beautiful gardens, with beautiful ponds, birds, great trees, thick forests, mountains... and all this is for zazen. You sit under an ancient tree and nothing has to be done: just watch.
You know the famous haikus:
SITTING SILENTLY,
DOING NOTHING,
SPRING COMES
AND THE GRASS GROWS BY ITSELF.
ANCIENT POND,
A FROG JUMPS IN
THE SOUND
-- of the frog,
and then the great silence. And you are just sitting by the side of an ancient tree.
Zen has made the spiritual search very aesthetic. First learn it from outside, watching the flowers and the sunrise and

the sunset. The effort is not concerned with the object, the effort is to learn the art of watching without any interpretation, without any judgment. A non-judgmental, mirror-like witnessing... if you have learned it from outside, it will be easy for you to enter in with the same art.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

IT SEEMS YOU HAVE CLOSED OFF ALL ESCAPE ROUTES FOR US. AM I RIGHT IN FEELING THAT ENLIGHTENMENT IS LESS AND LESS AN OPTION, BUT, RATHER, THE ONLY EXIT?

It is the only exit, Maneesha. It is not an option. You cannot avoid it. You can delay, you can postpone for centuries, but finally you will end up a buddha -- so why unnecessarily wait? That's how I became a buddha. When I saw that one has to become a buddha, this life or another life... when this has to happen, then why unnecessarily waste time? I simply dropped the idea of searching for Buddha and became a buddha.

The family in which I used to live at that time were suddenly surprised. They said "You are behaving very strangely!"

I said, "I have to. Last night I became a buddha."

They said, "This is not a joking matter... are you serious?"

I said, "I have to be!"

They shrugged their shoulders, they said, "But how did you become a buddha?"

I said, "That is not the question. Once I understood that it is the destiny of every living being, last night I thought: Why unnecessarily wait?"

And since then, if I have tried to take even one holiday... It is not allowed. Once you have become a buddha, I warn you, then there are no holidays. Once a buddha, forever a buddha.

So Maneesha you are right, but it is not me who has closed all the routes, it is existence itself. It gives you as much rope as you want. But why unnecessarily remain miserable? Why unnecessarily remain in anguish? If you can become a buddha and have all the blessings of existence available to you, then why not this moment? It is not me, it is existence itself asking you, "Why not this moment?"

Look at Zareen: she has come back to her place, has thrown away her migraine last night, and is again sitting behind Maneesha. Beware of Maneesha! because migraine is her old habit. She may throw it any moment. And it is very easy when the gibberish starts -- everybody is throwing all kinds of bullshit. So remember one thing: go on throwing your bullshit with your mouth, and with your hands go on protecting yourself. Otherwise, only bullshit is exchanged and you go happy to your home thinking that it was great. A little change is good. But it is somebody else's bullshit, so remember it: when you are deeply involved in throwing all your nonsense, keep protecting your mind with both your hands; otherwise you may get new rubbish, new rotten eggs, but you will remain the same. So be clever. Forcibly move away everything that is being thrown to you.

Maneesha, existence does not allow any option except enlightenment. It goes on forcing you towards enlightenment. It has infinite time available to it, so it is not in a hurry. But you should understand -- what is the point of postponing it for tomorrow? That is what Buddha used to say: tathata, thisness, suchness, herenow -- try to see a simple point that you are a buddha. And a mirror is in front of you! If a master cannot be a mirror to you, then either the master is not a master, or you are blind.

Just a few days ago Hasya had gone to New Delhi for a press conference. She was showing a small video there about the ashram and its activities. She was very much puzzled that the journalists who had come, when I started speaking, started looking... somebody this way, somebody that way, somebody downwards. She could not understand what was the matter. Then the Delhi friends told her, "You don't know, they all think that even to look into the eyes of this man is dangerous, or to hear his voice. You will be hypnotized."

Thousands of people want to come here. But they will come only when I am dead, because then I cannot hypnotize them. Then they will bring flowers and offerings, too. Right now it is dangerous. And you know it is dangerous! Even though I am hiding my eyes, it does not matter. The energy that hypnotizes passes through the glasses. Just last night, Avirbhava and Anando have shown you: the energy knows no barrier. I have started wearing these glasses just to console people, so they can look towards me without fear -- and I am going to do whatever I am supposed to do!

It is existence itself that brings you to a master. It is your own urge that impels you towards a master. There is no exit. Even if you go far away from me, it will not make any difference; I will haunt you wherever you go.
Zareen had gone to her house, but I haunted her there. In the morning she was back. I inquired of Anando, "Just look to see whether Zareen is back on the gate or not." She said, "Why?"
I said, "I have been haunting her the whole night! I hope that she is well enough and back at the gate where she is needed."
Once you have become part of my caravan there is no way out, there is only a way in.

Now Sardar Gurudayal Singh is repressing his desire. He wants to laugh even while I am speaking. But he has to suppress it because it will be very embarrassing, particularly for an old disciple. So he keeps suppressing it and waiting for his time. And his time comes....

Pope the Polack dies and goes to heaven. He is met at the Pearly Gates by Saint Peter, who asks the Polack if he has any questions before he comes in.
"Yes, I have," replies the pope. "I always knew that I would go to heaven, but I often wondered what hell would be like."
"Okay," says Saint Peter. "You can visit hell if you want. But you must return after half an hour, or you will get stuck there."
So the Polack pope takes the elevator down to hell and finds himself in the lobby of a luxury hotel. He looks

around and sees it is a beach resort, with beautiful men and women lazing around in the sun. There is a well-stocked bar, where the drinks are free, and a magnificent spread of multi-national food. A Brazilian band is playing a hot Samba, and everything is just far out!
The Polack wanders around in rapture for a while and then notices that his half an hour is nearly up. He makes a dash for the elevator and only just gets back in time.
The pope walks through the gates of heaven just as Saint Peter announces that lunch is ready. So the Polack pope sits himself down at the table.
After a few moments they are joined by Jesus, who brings in a plate of peanut butter sandwiches and a pot of herb tea.
"What is this?" cries the Polack, in dismay. "Down in hell, they eat pizza and ice cream, and drink French wine!"
"Well," replies Saint Peter, "it's not worth putting on a fancy spread for just the three of us!"

Young Spud Kowalski wins a fortune in the Polish National Lottery. When he comes home that evening, he finds his dad, Kowalski, sitting in front of the TV.
"Hi, Dad!" he says. "Guess what? I won the lottery today."
"I know," says Kowalski, "I just saw it on the TV. Fifty thousand dollars!"
"Well, Dad," says Spud, "you and mom have been so good to me over the years that I have decided to give you a cut. Here Dad, take ten dollars."
"Wow! Thanks, son," says Kowalski, examining the ten dollar bill carefully. "And now, let me give you some good advice."
"Okay Dad," says Spud. "I'm listening."

"Son," continues Kowalski, "don't just waste your good fortune. Settle down and get married properly -- not like your mother and me."
"Gee Dad!" cries Spud. "You mean you and mom never got married? Do you realize what that makes me?"
"Sure I do, son," snaps Kowalski. "And you're a real tight one, too!"

Three sailors -- a German, an American and a Polack -- are in a pub drinking a few beers.
"Our submarines can stay under water for a half a year," brags the German sailor.
"That's nothing," says the American, swallowing his beer and wiping his lips. "Our nuclear submarines can stay under water for one whole year!"
"Hey," says the Polack sailor, spilling his beer. "That is really nothing. Our submarines dive down and never come up!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)
(Drumbeat)
Be silent. Close your eyes, feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards, gathering all your consciousness -- almost like an arrow, forcing towards the center.
At the center you are the buddha. On the circumference you may be anybody, Tom, Dick, Harry; on the circumference you are all different but at the center your essential nature is that of a buddha, the man of Tao.

Deeper and deeper -- because the deeper you go, the more will be your experience of your eternal reality. Flowers will start showering on you, the whole existence will rejoice your silence.
Just be a witness, from the center, and you have arrived home.
To make it clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Relax. Just remember that you are only a witness. The body is not you, the mind is not you. You are just a mirror.
And as you settle down into a mirror-like witnessing, the whole existence takes on a tremendously beautiful form. Everything becomes divine.
This evening was beautiful on its own, but Joshu's lion's roar has made it tremendously beautiful.
This very moment you are a buddha.
When you come back, bring the buddha with you. You have to live out the buddha in your day-to-day life. I am against renouncing the world -- I am for recreating the world. The more buddhas there are, the world will have new skies, new dimensions, new doors opening... new mysteries, new miracles.
Collect as much fragrance and flowers as you can.
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Come back, but come back as a buddha -- peacefully, gracefully. Sit down for a few moments just to recollect your experience of the space that you have visited and the splendor that you have experienced.
Every day you have to go deeper and deeper.

So always remember how far you have gone: tomorrow you have to go a little more. It may take two, or five, or twenty, or thirty years -- but you are to become a buddha. As far as I am concerned you are right now a buddha, you have only to gain courage.
In those thirty years you will not be changing into a buddha -- you are a buddha already. Those thirty years are just to drop the doubt, the doubt that you -- how can you be a buddha? Even if I say it, even if all the buddhas try to convince you, deep down is the doubt: "My god, me? and a buddha?" But one day you will become convinced by your own experience. There is no real conversion without your own experience.
And Maneesha, I am not allowing you any exit.
You have been out for centuries.
Now you have to go in.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar
Chapter #5
Chapter title: An open sky of witnessing
19 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
A MONK PUT THE QUESTION TO JOSHU: "I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU SAID THAT WHEN THE UNIVERSE IS DESTROYED THE BUDDHA NATURE

WILL NOT BE DESTROYED. WHAT IS THIS `NATURE'?"
JOSHU RESPONDED BY SAYING, "THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND THE FIVE COMPONENTS."
THE MONK ASKED AGAIN, "THESE ARE THE VERY THINGS THAT WILL BE DESTROYED; WHAT IS THIS `NATURE'?"
JOSHU SAID, "IT IS THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND THE FIVE COMPONENTS."
ONCE, A MONK WAS SAYING FAREWELL TO JOSHU, WHO ASKED HIM, "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
THE MONK REPLIED, "ALL OVER THE PLACE, TO LEARN BUDDHISM."
HOLDING UP HIS MOSQUITO-FLAPPER, JOSHU INSTRUCTED THE MONK, "DO NOT STAY WHERE THE BUDDHA IS! PASS QUICKLY THROUGH A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO BUDDHA! DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE AND BRING UP BUDDHISM TO ANYONE FOR THREE THOUSAND LEAGUES!"
THE MONK SAID, "IN THAT CASE I WON'T GO!" TO WHICH JOSHU RESPONDED, "FAREWELL! FAREWELL!"

Maneesha, these immensely important dialogues have remained obscure even in Zen circles because only a master, only a buddha, can give a right interpretation. Anybody else commenting on them is bound to fall far away from the right.
These sutras are not written by intellect; they do not follow rationality, they are not logical in any way. They are

responses. And to find the response you need to have the same experience. That's why they have remained in existence, but uncommented upon. This small anecdote will explain it to you.

A MONK PUT THE QUESTION TO JOSHU: "I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU SAID THAT WHEN THE UNIVERSE IS DESTROYED THE BUDDHA NATURE WILL NOT BE DESTROYED. WHAT IS THIS `NATURE'?"

The question is absolutely rational and right. But the answer needs a tremendous insight to understand.

JOSHU RESPONDED BY SAYING, "THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND THE FIVE COMPONENTS."

According to Buddhist mythology, existence consists of Four Elements and Five Components. Now this is an absurd answer to the question because these are the very things the world is constituted of. And the questioner is asking, "When the world is destroyed, you say the Buddha nature remains. What is that nature?" Joshu simply says, FOUR ELEMENTS AND FIVE COMPONENTS.

THE MONK ASKED AGAIN, "THESE ARE THE VERY THINGS THAT WILL BE DESTROYED; WHAT IS THIS `NATURE' that will NOT be destroyed?"

JOSHU SAID, "IT IS THE FOUR ELEMENTS AND THE FIVE COMPONENTS."

Again the same answer. Now it becomes very absurd as far as reason is concerned, but what Joshu is saying is hidden behind the words. He is saying, "The witness who knows these Five Components and Four Elements." He does not use the word `witness', because no word is really capable of explaining the witness. So rather than using the word, he

again repeats: "The world may be destroyed but the witness will remain. Up to now you have not even witnessed the Four Elements and Five Components. If you go inwards you will witness these Four Elements and Five Components, and the one that is witnessing is the buddha nature -- about which nothing can be said."

The limit of language comes with Four Elements and Five Components. Beyond that is an open sky of witnessing, just a pure awareness. You can have it, but you cannot say anything about it. That's why Joshu does not say it. He again and again reminds the person, "Language ends with Four Elements and Five Components. What can I do? This is the last milestone; beyond this, what remains is the buddha nature."

This is the way of Zen, not to say things to their completion. This has to be understood; it is a very important methodology. Not to say everything means to give an opportunity to the listener to complete it. All answers are incomplete. The master has only given you a direction: go in the direction of Four Elements and Five Components. By the time you reach the limit, you will know what is going to remain.

This way, if somebody is trying to understand Zen intellectually he will fail. It is not an answer to the question but something more than the answer. It is indicating the very reality. Joshu is saying that you, as a witness, will remain. The buddha nature is not something far away -- your very consciousness is buddha nature. And your consciousness can witness these things which constitute the world. The world will end but the mirror will remain, mirroring nothing.

But he does not say anything about witnessing, about the mirror. He leaves it to the person's meditativeness. The person has to find the answer himself. This is not a school or a college or a university.
Zen is an opportunity for anybody to rise in consciousness and awareness. The master's function is not to supply the answer. If the master supplies the answer, he is your enemy. The master can only give you the line to follow; your experience will be the answer. This way of dialogue has never existed anywhere else in the world.

ONCE, A MONK WAS SAYING FAREWELL TO JOSHU, WHO ASKED HIM. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
THE MONK REPLIED, "ALL OVER THE PLACE, TO LEARN BUDDHISM."
HOLDING UP HIS MOSQUITO-FLAPPER, JOSHU INSTRUCTED THE MONK, "DO NOT STAY WHERE THE BUDDHA IS!"
A strange suggestion... because the monk seems to be stupid not to see Joshu, a living buddha, before him. Obviously, Joshu does not want to say, "Remain here! I am the buddha you are searching for." On the contrary, he says:
"DO NOT STAY WHERE THE BUDDHA IS. PASS QUICKLY THROUGH A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO BUDDHA!" Because where there is no buddha, what is the point? Pass quickly and don't stay where a buddha is. Now, he is not leaving any place to go, because these are the only two places: either the Buddha will be there or the Buddha will not be there.

"DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE AND BRING UP BUDDHISM TO ANYONE FOR THREE THOUSAND LEAGUES!"

He is saying, "As far as you can go -- three thousands leagues -- DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE AND BRING UP BUDDHISM TO ANYONE, because you don't have it." So his three suggestions are, first: don't become a missionary, because it is not your experience. That which is not yours, don't repeat it to people like a parrot. Only your experience of ultimate, eternal consciousness enables you to point others towards the same route. You cannot teach Buddhism, because Buddhism is not a philosophy, it is a living experience. So if you have lived it, help others to join in living it. Share your life, your love, your compassion, your meditation, but don't teach principles. Buddhism is not interested in principles.

And second, don't stay in a place where there is no buddha, because what will you gain in a place where there is no buddha? You can gain some insight only by the side of an awakened one. You can start moving towards your center if you see someone who has reached the center, and you see the glory and the beauty and the majesty of the person. Otherwise there is no evidence that anybody has ever reached to the ultimate.

Once a great logician of Bengal, Keshav Chandra, went to see Ramakrishna. Keshav Chandra was a very great scholar, and he had founded a religion also. So he was the founder of a religion, he had thousands of followers. But he was always amazed: "Why do people go to this stupid, uneducated Ramakrishna?"

Keshav Chandra lived in Calcutta, and just a few miles away from Calcutta is Dakshineshwar where Ramakrishna lived. Thousands of people would go there. Keshav Chandra could not believe it: "What has that man got?" Finally he decided to go and put the man right.
Ramakrishna's followers were very much disturbed, worried, because Ramakrishna does not know any reason, any logic. He is just like a child, so innocent, and Keshav Chandra is known nationwide as a logician, philosopher. What will Ramakrishna do in a discussion with him?
They were worried that it was going to be a very critical moment. But Ramakrishna said, "Why are you worried? It is good that he is coming." Ramakrishna waited. Keshav Chandra came with many followers. He was determined to finish this man forever so that no followers would gather there at Dakshineshwar.
Ramakrishna danced in welcome when Keshav Chandra arrived. Keshav Chandra became a little shaky: "This is not a man to discuss with; he seems to be crazy." Ramakrishna hugged Keshav Chandra and said, "I have been waiting for so long! Now, start the dialogue to finish me."
There was utter silence. Even Keshav Chandra could not say anything: from where to start? Ramakrishna said, "You start from anywhere. Whatever you want to say, say it. I will love it!"
Keshav Chandra was an atheist, he did not believe in God. So it was obvious that he should start by saying, "There is no God. What is your opinion?"
Ramakrishna said, "It is not a question of opinion. If a man of your knowledge says there is no God, how can I deny it? But to me you are a proof, an evidence, that existence is not

without consciousness. Such beautiful logical acumen! From where does it come? That very source is God, you are the proof. But if you say there is no God, I will agree with you absolutely."

Keshav Chandra had debated with many people, he was a supreme court attorney, and he found himself completely voiceless before a man who had studied only the first two primary classes and had no knowledge of anything. But the way Ramakrishna said, "If you say so, I trust you. You are such a great rational being you must have known whether God is or not. I am uneducated; all that I know is to sing songs and dance and play music. I can do all this without God, but God is a good excuse. Otherwise it looks crazy. If I go into a house and start dancing and singing, it looks crazy, but in a temple it looks very devotional. God is a good excuse. Have you ever danced in a temple? We have here a beautiful temple..."

Keshav Chandra had never thought that dance would come into an argument. And it looked appealing, because the man was so sincere. Ramakrishna said, "If you, a man of great intelligence, say to me, who is an uneducated man, I will believe it; I will drop all gods. Just say it to me, that you have explored the whole universe and found no God."

Keshav Chandra could not say that. Nobody has explored the whole universe. But without exploring the whole universe, how can you be so decisive that there is no God?

Keshav Chandra said, "I cannot say that I have explored the whole universe. Naturally, my statement that there is no God is not valid. But what about you?"

Ramakrishna said, "About me? I have danced with him, I have loved him. I have threatened him; there have been

times we have not been on talking terms. I sometimes close and lock the door of the temple and keep him hungry for days. But then I start feeling compassion for the poor fellow. I open the door, I bring food for him, and he is so nice that he has not said a single word to me."

And he told Keshav Chandra, "One day it happened that there was a sword hanging by the side of the Mother Goddess in the temple of Dakshineshwar. I told the Mother Goddess, `If you don't appear to me today I am going to cut off my head.' I took the sword from Mother Goddess' hand and I danced from morning till evening. I told her, `As the sun is setting, if you don't show yourself to me, remember: you will be responsible for my murder.'"

And as the sun was setting -- he danced the whole day -- a great crowd silently watched this strange man. He had danced from morning till evening singing songs of praise, and as the sun was setting, suddenly the sword he was going to use fell from his hand. He fell unconscious for six days.

After six days he opened his eyes and he said, "I have not asked that you should come into my deep unconscious. I wanted to see you clearly, in consciousness. I wanted witnesses from the crowd. But you played a trick!" And tears were flowing from his eyes and he said, "But now the world looks very pale. Take me back to the same space where I had gone. You took away the sword and now you have created more trouble for me, because now I can compare the tremendous beauty of the inner world and the tremendous poverty of the outer world. Just take me in."

He said to Keshav Chandra, "Have you ever done anything to go in?"

Keshav Chandra said, "I touch your feet. And please forgive me that I have come to argue with you. You are not a man to be argued with; you are the proof. If there can be a proof of God, you are the proof. You cannot be argued about."

Keshav Chandra's followers could not understand what was happening, because he was the founder of their religion, an atheistic religion. And he is touching the feet of a man he used to call an idiot.

Ramakrishna used to send messages to Keshav Chandra: "Sometimes, once in a while come back again just to finish me."

Keshav Chandra said, "You have finished me!" He renounced being the head and founder of his religion. He said, "I could not argue with an uneducated man. He had some experience, and I could see that I was absolutely empty and he was so full, so full of joy. I had discussed with many scholars... but the way he received me, dancing, and hugged me. And whenever I argued something he would again stand up and say, `Good, very good!' He never used a single word against me. On the contrary, he said, `If you say, I can join your religion, because to me you are also part of God.'"

Any consciousness is an argument that existence is conscious. That is the whole meaning of God. It is not that God is a person somewhere. God is spread all over the place, in the trees, in the mountains, in the rivers, in the birds, in men, in stones. Everywhere, there is a possibility of consciousness.

This whole consciousness in its totality you can call by any name. You can call it the truth, you can call it nirvana, you can call it God, it does not matter. One thing is certain, that existence is not unconscious; existence is not unintelligent. These dialogues of Zen trust in the person, that "if we show him a line, his intelligence will not stay with what we have said but will follow the indication." To the monk who was going to take Buddhism to people, Joshu said, "Please don't do such a thing. You cannot share something with others which you don't have. First have it. And never stay in a place where there is no buddha because that will be a sheer wastage of time. And don't stay in a place where there is a buddha because that will transform you. You will not be anymore what you are."

Listening to this, the man understood quickly. He must have been a very intelligent, understanding man. He must have looked at Joshu again and found the buddha, just present in front of him.

THE MONK SAID, "IN THAT CASE I WON'T GO! I am going to remain here."

TO WHICH JOSHU RESPONDED, "FAREWELL! FAREWELL!" Just go wherever you want to go. Why are you changing your mind? I have not asked you to stay here. He wants a clear-cut response from the man that he has recognized the buddhahood of Joshu.

So these are very strange dialogues. They are not like Socratic dialogues. Much that is important is left out of the dialogue and much that is absolutely non-essential is talked about. The essential is left by the corner to be understood. One has to be very conscious with a Zen master; otherwise one can live with a Zen master and miss. The master cannot

give you anything directly. There is no direct way of expressing the truth. The master can give only situations. Now, this is a situation: "Don't stay where a buddha is and don't stay where a buddha is not." Now Joshu is putting the monk in a dilemma -- then where to stay? He is not leaving him any place to stay.

Obviously he looked again at Joshu with a more conscious, alert mind. And he saw, "I was wrong in going away. This is the place where I should remain." So he said immediately, "In that case I won't go." Jokingly, Joshu responded, "Farewell! Farewell!"

But the monk remained with Joshu. How can you leave such a master? It is impossible, first, to find a master like Joshu. And second, it is impossible to leave him. He will manage a trap for you, and once you are trapped in a master's hand, your buddhahood is not far away. The very meeting with the master is the beginning of your growing into a buddha.

A Zen poet, Isho, wrote:

BEFORE THE WINDOW,
SLENDER, JADE-COLORED BAMBOOS SING
WHEN THE COOL RAINS FALL,
WITH A RUSTLING SOUND.
THEIR FEATHERY GREEN
INTRUDING AT MY DESK,
THEY KNOW THERE IS
NO PURER HIDDEN SPOT THAN THIS.

Around the world people have written poems, mostly devoted to man and woman and their love. A few are devoted to the beauty of nature. But Zen is not in the same

category as other poetry. It is simply a meditative mind, just watching what is happening around. And he sees beauty all around. The splendor of existence is so much that he feels to make a note in his book. BEFORE THE WINDOW... you have to visualize. Just visualize the window:

BEFORE THE WINDOW,
SLENDER, JADE-COLORED BAMBOOS SING
WHEN THE COOL RAINS FALL,
WITH A RUSTLING SOUND.
THEIR FEATHERY GREEN
INTRUDING AT MY DESK,
THEY KNOW THERE IS
NO PURER, HIDDEN SPOT THAN THIS.

Poor Isho lived in a hut near the bamboos, and the falling leaves are running into his hut, under his desk. He says, THEY KNOW THERE IS NO PURER, HIDDEN SPOT THAN THIS.

Zen wants you to know that even the leaves falling from the trees have a consciousness of their own. Nothing is unconscious. There are different ways of being conscious, but we are living in an ocean of consciousness. Millions are the aspects... so that we cannot understand exactly what the bamboos are doing.

Now in Mukta's pond, two beautiful snow-white swans have come, flown from England. Great visitors! And every night when I come and go, I cannot resist looking at them. They look so meditative, the whole day doing zazen... because they don't have any rented bicycle, they don't have to go to any movie. They are so silent that if you sit by the side of Mukta's pond you will become silent, seeing their

silence. They just don't do anything -- simply exist, no philosophical argument.

Seeing those swans I remember that in India, the man of self-realization is also called paramhansa. Hansa means swan and paramhansa means the great swan. Every day seeing them, I could understand: they look so buddhalike, just enjoying being -- no work, no job, no strike, no lock-out, no interest in the whole world around them; they don't have anything.

But with their coming, the pond has become a temple. They are meditating day and night. What is happening inside them is difficult for us to know, but something must be happening inside them. They are such beautiful people. It must be in a different dimension, so we never crisscross each other, but in the same direction there must be other people, other birds.

There were ducks also -- now, ducks are small; they became afraid when the swans came. So the ducks were in a very great trouble for a few days because the peacocks peck them on the head, so they cannot come out of the pond. And in the pond, two big swans are there -- so unfamiliar, one does not know what they will do. So the ducks were hiding in the bushes. But slowly slowly some communication is certainly happening, because the ducks are coming closer... and yesterday Avesh informed me that they have entered the water with the swans. In silence, something has grown, a friendship. Nothing has been said, nothing has been heard, but something must have transpired between them.

Either the swans must have told them, "Come on, don't be worried," or the ducks must have asked, "Can we come in?"

Something is bound to have happened, because suddenly it cannot be. But it is outside the area of our intelligence. That is the very effort of Zen poems -- to bring to your consciousness that the whole of existence is conscious. Different colors and different nuances and different ways, but the man who has reached the highest peak can see that nothing in the world is without a living force, without a potentiality that can grow one day into a buddha.

Buddha himself has told about one of his past lives. He was an elephant. One night the forest suddenly caught fire. The fire was going so wild, and animals were running to find some way out. The elephant was also running, because the fire was tremendous. Just to take rest, he stood under a tree which was not yet burning. As he was settling to stand there, a small rabbit just came under one of his feet which was up. Now it was difficult for the elephant to put his foot down; the poor fellow will die. So he tried hard to remain standing on three feet, but an elephant's weight....

Buddha says that because of that compassion the elephant remained standing, he could not put his foot down. The fire surrounded the whole place. He risked his life as long as he could save the rabbit, and then the fire burned both of them. Buddha says, "I was that elephant and I earned my buddhahood by being compassionate."

Now all over the world, in the birds, in the animals, something is happening. It is not a dead world. Everybody is trying to move to higher peaks. This idea of evolution is totally different from Darwin's evolution. Darwin's evolution looks very stupid, because we don't see any animal changing into any other animal. For millions of years there is no record that somebody has seen a monkey

suddenly going to the tailor's shop to say that, "I have changed my mind, I want to be a man. Now prepare the dress, made to order." Neither is any other animal changing into another species. That idea of Darwin is absolutely absurd.

But the East has a different concept. The same evolution is happening -- in every animal something is evolving. At a certain point when the animal dies, he will be born on a higher scale. Up to now, man is the highest scale that millions of animals have reached. Amongst human beings, the buddhas are the highest peaks.

These small poems are just to remind you that even fallen leaves in the rain and in the storm are rushing towards poor Isho's hut and his writing table, and hiding under the table. And he says, THEY KNOW THERE IS NO PURER, HIDDEN SPOT THAN THIS. Otherwise they would not have come here.

This understanding that the whole existence is alive, conscious, makes your whole behavior different. Then you don't think of hunting animals, because they are your brothers. A little backward, a little uneducated, a little primitive, but killing them, you are killing future buddhas. Hence, the experience of all the buddhas has terminated in a very loving and compassionate relationship with existence. Not even a tree has to be cut. It is alive; it may have a different kind of consciousness. Don't wound it, don't hurt it, because every wound and hurt that you do will have effects on you, your own evolution.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

THE TERROR AND THE RELIEF OF HAVING A MASTER WHO PROMISES TO HIT "JUST FOR THE JOY OF IT"! IS THIS WHAT ZEN IS? -- WHEN RATIONALITY, RIGHT AND WRONG FLY OUT THE WINDOW, THE MIND IS ON HOLD, AND ALL ONE CAN OFFER IS ONE'S SELF?

Maneesha, that's exactly what Zen is. There are hundreds of cases on record, when a master has called a certain disciple even in the middle of the night and told him, "Let me hit you."

And the disciple said, "But for what?"

The master said, "Because by morning you are going to become enlightened and then I will not be able to hit you. And it is such a joy to hit!"

The master enjoyed hitting and the disciples enjoyed being hit. It is a very loving gesture, the hit was not hurting. Somebody has brought me a Zen staff. It is made of bamboo, and the bamboo is cut in such a way that howsoever hard you hit, it makes only sound, not much hurt. I have put it with Anando, so when Zen Master Stonehead Niskriya comes back he can have this really authentic Zen stick from Korea. However you hit, it makes a good noise. It seems as if somebody's head is broken! But Zen is a very playful religion. It has made even hitting a joyful play. There is no other religion in the world which allows playfulness and laughter and life and love. Zen allows total freedom in all the aspects of life.

Zen has transformed almost impossible things into very loving gestures. For example Zen wrestlers -- you will see them fighting, but not with any anger, enmity, or any desire

to win over the other. That is the whole training, playful: who wins is not the point. Who plays perfectly consciously is the point. So if you don't know, you may not understand what is happening.

When the two Zen wrestlers come onto the ground, first they bow down to each other, because everybody is a buddha. Before fighting starts, the buddha has to be recognized. And you cannot be angry with a buddha, you cannot hurt the buddha. Both are meditative -- while they are wrestling you will not be able to see, but you can see the grace, you can see the silence. You can't see violence in their eyes.

And the master who is going to judge, does not declare a man the winner in the same way it is declared all over the world. You will be surprised: sometimes the man who wins is not accepted by the master as a winner because he lost his meditativeness. And the defeated one gets the trophy because he remained conscious all the time: even in his defeat, he has won.

Now, fighting is transformed into meditation. Archery is transformed into meditation, swordsmanship is transformed into meditation. Zen has done miracles, because nobody has ever thought that swordsmanship can be a meditative art.

And when there are two meditators of equal consciousness, nobody wins. The fight can continue for hours and days, but nobody wins because both have equal meditativeness -- the same depth, the same height, the same love, the same compassion. Nobody is in any way inferior to the other, and only the inferior is going to be defeated.

So most of the time archers, swordsmen, wrestlers, are declared to be equal. Nobody wins, nobody is defeated. Compared to this, Western boxing looks barbarous. The whole effort is violent, bloody. There is no respect for the other partner, nor any compassion. Every effort is an ambition to win by any means possible, right or wrong. Zen has created a totally different approach to everything. If the world understands Zen, it will be a different world. It is certainly the most alchemical process.

So when I said to you, Maneesha, that I will hit you just for the joy of it, remember that the joy is not only my joy. It has to be your joy also; only then it takes the great quantum leap. Then the master and disciple are simply playing with each other. Nobody is higher and nobody is lower.

And the master calling in the middle of the night shows his insight, that tomorrow morning his disciple is going to become enlightened. He is just on the verge. After that, it won't be right to hit him. And it is such a hilarious job! So he sends his attendant -- "Bring him quickly!"

He is meditating. He says, "What is the purpose, in the middle of the night?"

The attendant says, "I don't know, I have just seen him holding his stick. So I think he wants to hit you. Other than that, there is no purpose in the middle of the night."

The disciple rushes immediately. If he wants to hit, it is a special privilege -- otherwise, who cares? In the middle of the night, the old man is waiting to hit you -- what more kindness, what more compassion!

When the disciple reached, the master said, "Aha! So you have come. You don't know but I know.... Come closer. This is the last hit, because early in the morning as the sun

rises you will be enlightened. After that, even if you ask me to hit you I will not be able to hit a buddha. That's why I had to call you urgently."
The disciple touched the feet of the master, and the master gave him a good hit, and both laughed. And in the morning the disciple became enlightened. There are not one but hundreds of cases on record. It is sheer playfulness. It is not to harm you, it is just to announce to the disciple that, "Tomorrow morning you are going to become enlightened. And obviously, we have enjoyed for years: you have come and I have hit you. This is the last hit -- it is a memorable hit. Remember: this hit declares that the light is going to come soon and the night is just about to be over."
Strange methods, and strange people, and perhaps the most beautiful development of a small religious stream. It could never become a crowd religion. It could not be a Catholic religion; six hundred million people will not be able to understand it. It is a religion of only the chosen few, because it needs great heart and great intelligence which very few possess.
I am introducing you to Zen for a simple purpose: all other religions have destroyed your laughter, destroyed your smiles, destroyed your creativity -- destroyed even the sense of humor. And life without a sense of humor is not much of a life.

Now comes Sardar Gurudayal Singh. He is the most religious person around here. I don't think that if he dies Saint Peter will allow him in heaven. Just because of his laughter, Saint Peter will immediately close the doors:

"You don't belong here, just go the other side. All your fellows are there."

I always think that nothing can be worse than reaching heaven. Such deadly people you will find there, rotten, skeletons, doing all kinds of stupid things. You cannot live with a saint even for twenty-four hours, and to live for eternity surrounded only by saints....

I have told you about a Munich porter who was a good happy fellow, just lying down in the gutter because he drank too much beer. Some mistake happened -- in every bureaucracy some mistake is always possible -- so the devils who had come to take him, took him to heaven. There, the judgment was to be given where this man should go: Should he remain in heaven or be sent to hell? Saint Peter looked into his files and found that this man had to be in heaven.

The man was continuously saying, "Just let me go! I have my duty at the station, I am a porter." But nobody listened to him. He said, "It is not my time to come into heaven -- I have not even finished my beer!" But they forced him, drunk... they gave him a harp. He said, "What am I supposed to do?"

They said, "Here, nothing is done. Everybody has a cloud. Sit on the cloud, float, have a harp, and sing hallelujiah."

He said, "It is strange. I am not that sort of person, I have never gone to church in my whole life. What kind of misfortune has fallen over me?" But he was forced to sit on a cloud, and told, "Sing hallelujiah!"

The poor fellow had to sing -- half drunk, half asleep -- and there were thousands of clouds floating like small boats, and every saint was doing the same thing,

"hallelujiah." So the poor porter also said, "hallelujiah, hallelujiah" and in between he would say, "You son of a bitch!"
God heard that. He thought, "It seems a wrong person has entered. What kind of hallelujiah? Two times he says `hallelujiah' and then he says, `you son of a bitch!'" God inquired of Peter, "Look into the files better; it seems you have brought a wrong person here." And it was found that yes, he was a wrong person, so take him back.
He was very happy. He thanked Saint Peter, "I will never forget this kindness. Just let me go to my pub! And I am perfectly happy. Don't send any messengers again. I am the happiest person at the Munich station. I don't want this singing of hallelujiah and harp and sitting on a cloud. It looks so stupid."
He was brought back, left in the gutter from where they had caught him. Looking around, finding familiar situation, he said, "My god, what kind of a nightmare was that?"

Sardar Gurudayal Singh cannot enter heaven, they won't allow him. They don't allow any intelligent man there. Laughter is a sin, and anyway you cannot joke with saints.

Paddy is drinking a few beers in the pub, and he has a worried look on his face.
"What is the matter?" asks his friend, Seamus.
Paddy drinks down his beer and says, "I am totally afraid to go near the highway, day or night."
"Why?" asks Seamus, sipping his beer.

"Well," replies Paddy, "my wife just escaped with a truck driver, and every time I hear a horn I'm afraid he is bringing her back!"

One day in English class at Horowitz High School in L.A., Tom Robbins, the famous author, comes to lecture the class on creative writing.
After discussing how to write a short story, he says, "Okay, for a successful short story, there are four essential ingredients: religion, sex, politicians, and mystery. And it should be concise and to the point."
"No problem!" shouts Bobby Babblebrain, Boris's young punk son, from the back of the room. And he scribbles something on a scrap of paper. He hands it to Tom. On it is written:
A Short Story.
"Jesus Christ!" screams Nancy Reagan. "I'm pregnant again. I wonder who the hell did it this time?"

A black couple, Luther and Ruby, and their seven-year-old kid Samson, are having a hard time living in New York. Luther has heard that if you swim across the Mississippi River, and make it alive, you turn white. So they pack up and drive to Mississippi.
They are standing on the banks of the mighty river, and they can hardly see the other side. The water is very rough, and the current incredibly strong. Samson, the kid, seeing his parents' hesitation, cries bravely, "I'll go first!" and he jumps into the river.

Little Samson is swept along, but manages to struggle his way to the other side. As he steps out of the water, he looks down and sees that he has turned lily white.
Seeing her boy's success, Ruby jumps in next and is nearly drowned. But with incredible effort, she makes it to the other side -- as a white woman. Samson and Ruby wave to Luther to come across, so Luther jumps into the raging river. He gets halfway across, and then Ruby and Samson hear shouting and cries for help. Then there is silence. Ruby is about to jump in to try and save Luther, when Samson takes her by the hand and says, "Don't worry, Mom -- it's only a nigger!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Be silent, close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards, collecting your whole consciousness. Try to reach to the center of your being. You live on the circumference. It is not far away -- just a great urgency is needed, as if this is your last moment of life. You have to reach to the center of your being; otherwise you will never know the taste of eternity.
Just at the very center you are the buddha, the awakened one.
Thousands of flowers start showering on you.
The whole existence rejoices in your silence.

For the first time you are not an island but part of the whole continent, of the whole cosmos.
This moment, when your boundaries disappear, is the most valuable moment. The Buddha Auditorium becomes suddenly a lake of consciousness without any ripples. Ten thousand buddhas simply become one.
This oneness is eternal, immortal, the origin of everything. Everything changes. Only your witnessing buddha remains unchanging. It is the very center of the cyclone.
To make it more clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Relax. But remain alert, a witness of your body, of your mind, and all that is happening in this moment within you. The silence, the peace, the bliss...
As you go deeper, the splendor becomes more and more rich. As you go deeper, life becomes a mystery, a miracle of immense significance. And a deep gratitude arises, just for the sake of all that existence has done for you. It is not a prayer, it is a thankfulness.

The evening was beautiful on its own. But your witnessing, your consciousness, has added thousands of stars to its beauty. Gather as much of the experience as you can, because you have to bring it to the circumference, to your actual life. It has to become a twenty-four-hour, round-the-clock experience. Slowly slowly, the circumference and the center come closer. One day the circumference disappears into the center: you have attained perfect buddhahood.
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)

Come back, but now come a little more alert, a little more of a buddha, a little more loving, a little more graceful. Sit down for a few moments just to recollect the path you have gone in, and the path that you have come out. It is the same path, the golden path.
You have to live your experience in your life, in your activity, in your gestures, in your relations with people. Remember you are a buddha, and you have to behave like a buddha, and you will find great transforming forces entering into your life.
The whole existence becomes supportive -- supportive to your metamorphosis.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar
Chapter #6
Chapter title: The ultimate here
20 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
ON ONE OCCASION, AS JOSHU WAS RECEIVING NEW ARRIVALS IN HIS MONASTERY, HE ASKED ONE OF THEM, "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?"
"YES," THE MONK REPLIED.
"HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!" JOSHU SAID TO HIM. THEN HE TURNED TO ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL AND SAID, "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?"

"NO, YOUR REVERENCE," THE VISITOR REPLIED. "THIS IS MY FIRST VISIT HERE."
JOSHU SAID TO HIM, "HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!"
THE PRIOR OF THE MONASTERY TOOK JOSHU ASIDE AND SAID, "ONE HAD BEEN HERE BEFORE, AND YOU GAVE HIM A CUP OF TEA. THE OTHER HAD NOT BEEN HERE, AND YOU ALSO GAVE HIM A CUP OF TEA. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"
JOSHU CALLED OUT LOUDLY, "PRIOR!"
"YES?" THE PRIOR REPLIED.
"HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!" INSTRUCTED JOSHU.

Maneesha, the way of Zen is very light, very weightless. It expresses itself in the simplest way. But just because of that, millions of people who think themselves intelligent misunderstand it. The obviousness, the simplicity, becomes a barrier to them. The mind is always interested in the impossible.
It has to be understood why mind is always interested in the impossible: because the impossible can never be achieved, and mind can go on living, gathering more and more force, taking you farther and farther away from yourself. Because the impossible cannot be achieved, it is a great victory of the mind. The mind avoids the obvious and the simple because they are not only achievable, they are already achieved.
So it is a very political strategy, a diplomatic effort on the part of the mind, not to let you see the obvious -- the buddha that is you.

In this simple anecdote you laughed; you laughed as if it is just a joke. It says everything that needs to be said, it contains the whole essence of Zen. But you laughed because you did not understand its implications. Sometimes one laughs because he does not understand; sometimes one laughs because he understands; sometimes one laughs just to hide the fact that he has not understood. You laughed because it looks like a joke -- but it only looks like a joke. It is the whole philosophy of Zen. Now let me read it to you with its implications....

ON ONE OCCASION, AS JOSHU WAS RECEIVING NEW ARRIVALS IN HIS MONASTERY, HE ASKED ONE OF THEM, "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?"

Small things to be noted: one, the master himself is at the reception desk receiving new arrivals. Zen is an effort to look into your potentialities. Why waste time? -- not even a few moments. So the master is receiving new arrivals at the gate of the monastery. In the first encounter with each new arrival it will be determined whether he is worthwhile to work upon, or just to let him have a cup of tea and move on.

And the question that he asked does not mean what you think it means. "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?" He is not talking about the ordinary `here'; he is talking about the ultimate `here'. It is not concerned with the place, the monastery, or Joshu. It is concerned with a meditative state where time ceases and only now-ness remains; where space disappears and only here-ness is left behind.

This now and here, these two words, contain the whole approach of Zen. If you can be now and here, nothing else has to be done. Every door of existential mystery will be opened unto you.
So when a man like Joshu asks, "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?" don't misunderstand him. He is not talking about the place, he is talking about spacelessness, timelessness. "Have you ever been in deep meditation?" That is what he is asking.
"YES," the monk said.
"HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!"
The monk has understood the meaning of `here'. It is not that he has been here to this monastery before, it simply means he has known the taste of here-ness. A simple "yes" implies a vast meaning, that "I am not a newcomer, don't count me among the new arrivals. I have been here -- where else can I be?"

But it is not said so explicitly. That is the beauty of Zen, that it leaves the most important part to be discovered by you. When the monk says, "Yes," he is also saying, through his eyes and through his gestures, "What kind of a question are you asking? Where else can I be? Everybody is here, wherever he is -- it doesn't matter. Here is the only point where you can be."
His "yes" is not to be misunderstood. He does not mean that he has been to this place; he says, "I have been here always -- where else can I be?"
With a great respectfulness Joshu said, "HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!"

A cup of tea in Zen is not the same as it is anywhere else in the world. A cup of tea is the greatest reception a Zen master can give to you. The cup of tea represents awareness. After drinking tea you cannot go to sleep; hence tea became one of the most important symbols of awareness, of meditation. "Have a cup of tea" does not simply mean, "Have a cup of tea." Certainly the tea is offered, but with the understanding that the cup is full of awareness. A cup of tea has been used in many ways by the Zen masters.

A professor of philosophy reached Joshu. He had many questions in his mind, many complicated answers which he had borrowed from all the scriptures and philosophical systems.
Coming up the mountain he was perspiring, looked a little tired. Joshu received him and told him, "You are tired... just wait, I will prepare a cup of tea for you. It is not time for tea -- otherwise tea would have been served immediately -- I will prepare it specially. You just wait and rest."
And Joshu prepared the tea, brought the tea, put the cup and saucer into the hands of the professor, and from the kettle started pouring tea -- and went on pouring, to the very brink. The professor watched and then he saw that now, if any more tea is poured in, it will start flowing out. But he still waited, till the cup was full and the saucer was also full. Then he could not contain himself, he said, "Wait! What are you doing? Now my cup and saucer cannot contain a single drop more of tea."

Joshu said, "Have you ever asked the same question about your mind? Is there any space, empty space, where even a drop of tea can manage to fit? You are too full of thoughts. So many answers, so many questions! You have read too much, you are too learned to become enlightened.

"This cup of tea is simply symbolic. I wanted to show you that before you can ask any question to me, I should make my position clear: you have to be empty; otherwise you have to excuse me, I cannot answer. You don't have the space to receive it."

Joshu used the cup of tea in different situations. Now he said, "Help yourself to a cup of tea!"

Joshu then turned to another new arrival and said, "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?"

You may not see the difference in the questions. The first question was, "Have you been here before?" The emphasis was on here. In the second question the emphasis is on you. "HAVE YOU BEEN HERE BEFORE?"

"NO, YOUR REVERENCE," THE VISITOR REPLIED. He is saying, "I am no more -- how I can be here before?"

Both monks have understood the difference. Although the question looks similar, they have seen the emphasis of the master. They are watching his eyes, they are watching his face, they are looking at his hands.

To talk to a Zen master is not an ordinary conversation -- it is a total, being-to-being communion.

The first monk understood well, and the second also understood well. He said, "NO, YOUR REVERENCE." But the essential part remains by the side. The essential part is, "How can I be? I am no more, I have never been; the

question does not arise. I have tried to find myself -- there is no one."
Joshu said to him, "HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!"
THE PRIOR OF THE MONASTERY TOOK JOSHU ASIDE AND SAID, "ONE HAD BEEN HERE BEFORE, AND YOU GAVE HIM A CUP OF TEA. THE OTHER HAD NOT BEEN HERE, AND YOU ALSO GAVE HIM A CUP OF TEA. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?"

The prior is the head monk of the monastery. He saw a contradiction in it -- must be a logical man. He could not see the hidden part that was exchanged between Joshu and those two new arrivals.
He took Joshu aside and asked, "What is the meaning of this? You offered the same to both visitors -- although one has visited before, and another has not. But your offering of the cup of tea was the same."
JOSHU CALLED OUT LOUDLY, "PRIOR!"
"YES?" THE PRIOR REPLIED.
This is also a very significant method used by Zen: suddenly to call when there is no need. When suddenly someone is called, for a moment his thinking stops because the continuity is not there. Mind can function only with a continuity.
He is asking, "You have offered a cup of tea to different arrivals; to two different persons, the same welcome. I see a contradiction in it." Now he is wanting to know the meaning of this.
Rather than giving him the meaning,

JOSHU CALLED OUT LOUDLY, "PRIOR!"
That is breaking his thinking process, suddenly bringing an awareness.
"YES?" THE PRIOR REPLIED.
"HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF TEA!" -- you are also capable of being a little aware once in a while -- INSTRUCTED JOSHU.
The cup of tea is a symbol of awareness. Zen offers nothing but awareness, and Zen offers awareness to everybody, without any distinction. One has been here, one has not been here; one is the head monk of the monastery -- but as far as Joshu is concerned, he has nothing else to offer them except a cup of tea. A cup of tea means Joshu can offer only awareness, watchfulness, witnessing. A cup of tea has become in Zen circles one of the most important symbols. So it is not a joke.
Joshu has, without saying anything about Zen, made it clear to everybody, all three persons concerned, that "You have come to a man who can only offer a cup of tea; you should not expect anything else. I can teach you awareness -- and you are all three capable of it. Even the head monk is capable of it once in a while."

One Zen monk is reported to have said -- every morning of his life after his enlightenment, the first thing in the morning he would say was, "Osho!" Because he has become enlightened now, an honorable word has to be used....
`Reverence' is a little less than `Osho'. `Reverence' only means respect; `Osho' also means respect, and love, and gratitude. You may not have thought about it -- because

people don't think about words; otherwise strange meanings come out of them. Have you ever thought? -- `respect' simply means looking back: re-spect, looking once again. It simply means that somebody is so beautiful that you have to look again, one more time; you cannot just go on without looking again. Out of this, `respectfulness' has arisen.
But `Osho' contains some more elements: love and gratitude. It is much more than `reverence'. `Reverence' is a Christian word and is used for learned bishops, missionaries, priests. `Osho' cannot be translated correctly as `reverence' because it is used only for the enlightened ones, not the learned ones.
And this Zen master used to call every morning, "Osho, are you still here?" He was asking himself about his own presence: "Are you still here? Then have a cup of tea!"
His disciples knew perfectly well that every morning this was the first thing he would say to himself, so they kept ready the samovar, making its song. And they would ask him, "Master, why do you do this?"
And he used to say, "I am so surprised that existence has given one day again for me. I don't deserve, I am not worthy of it. I have not done anything to deserve another day, another sunrise, and the whole sky, and the whole universe. I just want to make sure that I am here. This beautiful universe one day will be taken away from me."
And he used to answer himself also. First he will say, "Osho, are you here?"
And he will say, "Yes sir."
Then he will say, "Then have a cup of tea!"
This was a monologue. The disciples produced the cup of tea. They loved the master, they loved this small, beautiful

approach to the morning. The night is over -- it is symbolic of the night in which most of us live the whole life; the morning never comes.
A cup of tea declares that the night is over, wake up! Be aware and see the whole beauty of existence. The universe has allowed you one day more -- you cannot demand, it is a gift. One day the sun will rise and the roses will blossom but you will not be there to celebrate this new morning. And there is no way to complain, it is absolutely in the hands of the cosmos.
But we have not paid our gratitude even for our life. Do you think there can be anything more precious than life, than consciousness? And existence gives it to you without asking any payment in return. At least you can be thankful. This thankfulness is the only authentic prayer; all other prayers are childish, they are nothing but hidden demands.

Just today Anando informed me... A group of Christian research scholars has been working for many years on the Lord's Prayer -- every Christian has to do The Lord's Prayer -- and their whole research has now been exposed to the public. They have found that in the Lord's Prayer, except the word abba, father, everything else is fake. Jesus only called abba; everything else has been added by other people.
Millions of Christians will be shocked, and will be shocked even more because it is the Christian scholars who have found that all other words in the Lord's Prayer have been added by other people. They may not listen to the scholars -- most probably they will not. But when Anando reported it to me, I was thinking that just to say, "Abba" -- that is

Hebrew for `father' -- is enough; the prayer is complete. Just to relate with existence in a loving relationship, to call the existence "Abba," the prayer is finished. What more can you say? You have shown your gratitude, you have shown that "You are the source of my being." Hence "Abba" is exactly right, but more than that is non-essential commentary.

These same scholars, a few months ago, have done a tremendous job of research and they have threatened the whole of Christianity with their research. I was thinking that Christians would take note, but nobody has taken any note of it. And I am not the Christian, but I have to take notes!

They came to the conclusion that Jesus was not a Virgin Mary's son, fathered by a Holy Ghost. Frankly speaking, he was really the son of Mariam and Joseph. But to avoid Joseph and to replace Joseph with God, this whole strategy was used. So, working through ancient scriptures they have found that this is absolutely false -- Jesus was not a bastard!

But strangely enough, the Christian leaders around the world, rather being happy that Jesus was a properly licensed son, were shocked. He has to be a bastard; otherwise the main stone of the foundation will be removed. That is the first miracle, that God himself... because the Holy Ghost and God are one.

It is just a trick to talk about the Holy Ghost and then in the next sentence say that the Holy Ghost and God are one. Then why hide God behind the Holy Ghost? Why not bring him directly into the case of making a virgin pregnant?

That would look a little awkward to the high position of God, so a mediator has been found: the Holy Ghost.
But if the Holy Ghost is really the father of Jesus, then God can at the most be an uncle -- if he is a brother of Holy Ghost. It depends on who he is, in what way he is related with the Holy Ghost, but one thing is certain: he cannot be the father of Jesus.
The bishop of England immediately reacted, saying "The theory of the Virgin Mary and the Holy Ghost is the very foundation of Christianity and we cannot change it." But their own researchers are saying that it is just an invention to make Jesus special. Everybody is born out of his father and mother, but to make Jesus special... poor fellow has to be made a bastard! And that is the very foundation of Christianity.
The same group of scholars has found that even God is not necessary for Christianity, because there is no evidence of God. Neither is there any evidence of the Holy Ghost. All that we can say is that Jesus and his crucifixion happened. There is no evidence even of his resurrection. The problem is, can you find anybody who will become a Christian just because Jesus was crucified? The whole religion is finished! God is taken away, the Holy Ghost is taken away, the resurrection is taken away, the virgin birth is taken away....
This makes a strange exposition of Christianity. These things make up Christianity, and nothing of them is essential to any religiousness.
And the same group again made a statement that all the miracles are fake. Then the pope had to speak. He said, "Without miracles Christianity will be finished. We need

miracles; otherwise what is the difference between an ordinary man and the only begotten son of God?"

The difference is that he walks on water, he turns water into wine, he makes dead people alive, he cures and heals just by touching people. And the Christian scholars' group is certainly very honest, that all these miracles have been added just to raise Jesus to a special position, above humanity.

But there is no need for anybody to be above humanity; one only has to become more aware, one has to become more aware of one's being. In that very awareness he touches the highest point of consciousness. Everything else is not only childish, but absurd.

Religion is simply another name of meditation; anything added to it is absolutely unnecessary. It is a hindrance rather than a help.

So Joshu's offering a cup of tea to everybody, without any distinction, is exactly what I am doing -- offering a cup of tea, but in a more direct way than in a symbolic way. Because the symbolic can be misunderstood -- it has been misunderstood. In every Zen monastery in China and in Japan it has become a tradition.

One young Japanese woman used to come to every celebration in the commune in America. Her mother is very famous for arranging tea ceremonies. It has become a profession; there are a few professionals who arrange the tea ceremony. And when I came back here, the girl started to come here. Seeing that I am going to stay here, she wanted to stay here -- she refused to go back. Her mother came... and she was a famous woman, had great contacts even with the emperor of Japan.

She brought the girl to me, and said, "You tell my girl to go back to Japan!"
I said, "You are a famous woman -- you must understand the essentials of Zen. The most essential is freedom. Now it is up to her: if she wants to go, I will not prevent her; if she does not want to go, I will not tell her to go."
The woman became absolutely angry -- freaked out. I said, "This freaking will not help."
She became so angry that she said, "You are not a buddha!"
I said, "Just because I am not sending your girl away, I lose my buddhahood! I can accept that I am not a buddha but I cannot take away anybody's freedom."
She was very much shocked. She said, "I have so many contacts, and I promise to open a center for you in Tokyo."
I said, "All these bribes will not help. It is absolutely your girl's freedom to be here or not to be here. It is none of my concern whether she is here or she goes away."
The mother must have forced her -- she was a very strong woman -- she must have forced her for three days continuously, so the girl came to me to say, "I am going in spite of myself. Just give me one of your robes."
I gave her one of my robes and I told her, "Don't be worried. She will relax, and once in a while she will not object and you can come."
But once she went away, the mother would not allow her even to come for a holiday. She escaped.
I told her, "This is not good. You should have told your mother that you were going; you should have shown your integrity. But like a thief, without telling anybody, you simply escaped. You will never be able to forgive yourself. You had better go, and unless you have guts to come with

an absolute declaration of your individuality... and you are old enough, you are not a child."
But I came to know from Geeta, who is Japanese and has been here almost since eternity -- as long as I remember I have seen her here -- she said that almost one third of the girls in Japan are prevented by their mothers from even getting married. The mother is such a power in Japan -- that I had never known. One third of the girls remain unmarried just because the mother won't allow it.
So Geeta told me, "You are talking of freedom, and there is not even freedom to get married!"

But man is living with beautiful words: freedom, democracy, love -- but all empty words. Civilization does not exist, culture does not exist. There is no independence in the world. My own experience has been absolutely bitter. The only freedom that I know is possible is to wake up, and to know yourself and your roots in existence. Except that, all are political promises which are not going to be fulfilled, ever.
So only a few people have lived freedom, like Gautam Buddha or Joshu or Nansen. I would like you all to live freedom, but I have to make a distinction clear to you. There are two kinds of freedom: one is freedom from, and another is freedom for. Freedom from is not very difficult, but the real freedom is freedom for -- for some creativity, for some love, for some experience.
The first, freedom from, is negative. It prepares the ground, but it is not all.
The second is the real thing -- freedom for. Creating your self, discovering your buddha, discovering your

potentialities, releasing your own powers, living under the sky with a lion's roar, without any fear. But this is possible only to a man who has reached his own sources. That's what we are trying to do in this place: trying to discover the source from where you can have freedom from all bondages and for all creations.

Ryushu wrote:

QUIETLY I WATCH SPRING CLOUDS
GROW IN THE VAST SKY,
GREEN MOUNTAINS AND WHITE HAIR
ON OPPOSITE SIDES
OF SLATTED BAMBOO BLINDS;
A MYRIAD MILES OF HEAVEN AND EARTH
RAIN WITH WHITE BLOSSOMS,
AND ALL OF THEM ARE FALLING
IN ONE ZEN MONK'S EYES.

Just the last line makes it a tremendously meaningful poem. Just the last line: IN ONE ZEN MONK'S EYES -- thousands of flowers. When you enter your subjectivity, you don't have two eyes -- that's why, in India, they started talking about a third eye. That is only a symbol, but it has great meaning: as you go deeper inside, your two eyes join together into one force; that becomes your third eye.

And in this third eye, WHITE BLOSSOMS, AND ALL OF THEM ARE FALLING IN ONE ZEN MONK'S EYES. Ryushu is surprised, that "I am a poor monk and so much beauty is falling, showering on me."

Meditation makes even a beggar an emperor. And without meditation even the emperor is just a beggar and nothing more.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

I HEARD YOU SAY DURING OUR MEDITATION THAT THE INTENSITY OF OUR EFFORT WOULD PULL US TOWARDS OUR CENTER. I HAVE ALSO HEARD YOU SAY THAT POTENTIAL DISCIPLES ARE PULLED MAGNETICALLY TOWARDS THE MASTER. IS THERE A SIMILARITY AND CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE TWO THINGS?

Maneesha, they are not two things. It is the same energy that brings you closer to the master, and it is the same energy that will bring you closer to yourself. In other words, to be closer to yourself is to be closer to the master. They are not two things. The master is at the center, and the moment you reach the center you are surprised: the buddha has reached there before you.

Every master is a buddha, and every disciple is a potential buddha. It is the same energy; somewhere it has become manifest, somewhere it is still dormant, but there is no qualitative difference.

Now it is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh. Poor fellow has to wait too long... and he does not become enlightened for fear that one never knows what jokes will be told when he is gone. These jokes are keeping him on this shore; otherwise he would have passed to the other shore long

before. He is a very ancient man, retired from the army, but he is not going to leave as long as I continue telling jokes.

Wu, the old Chinese waiter at the Mye Long Dong Chinese Restaurant, is always being teased by Colonel Wimple and his cronies, whenever they come to eat.
Finally, one day, as Wu is serving the dessert and coffee, Colonel Wimple leans back in his chair, puffs on his big cigar, and announces in a loud voice, "Okay, Chink! We have been teasing you for a long time now. So I guess from now on we will stop playing jokes on you. What do you say?"
The wizened old waiter pauses for a moment, then says with a smile, "Okie Dokie! You no jokie, me no pee in the coffee!"

Katie the cannibal wanders out of the jungle and into town. She does a little shopping and then stops at the cannibal butcher's store.
"How much are brains today?" asks Katie.
"Well," replies Butch, the cannibal butcher, pointing to his display shelf, "the missionaries' brains are ten dollars a pound, the nuns' brains are twenty dollars, and the politicians' brains are two hundred dollars."
"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS?" screams Katie. "That's impossible! How can they be so expensive?"
"Well," explains Butch, looking quite hurt, "have you any idea how many politicians we have to catch to find one with a brain?"

Nivedano...

(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)
Be silent; close your eyes. Feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now, look inwards -- with totality and great urgency, as if this is your last moment.

Deeper and deeper...
Take your consciousness like a spear, piercing to the very center of being.
This space is what we call the buddha; this silence is what we call the buddha.
Just be a witness, because a buddha is only a witness, only a mirror.
You are not the body, you are not the mind, you are just the pure witness.
At the very center of your being... utterly empty silence.

To make it clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Relax, and watch silently your transcendence of everything -- the body, the mind, the world.
You are beyond.
You are the beyond,
the transcendental consciousness.
Rejoice! Those thousands of flowers have started showering on you.

This beautiful evening has become a very mysterious and miraculous evening. Ten thousand buddhas are merged into an oceanic consciousness. This Buddha Auditorium has become a lake of consciousness, without any ripples.
Gather as much of this experience as you can, because soon Nivedano will call you back. You have to bring the buddha to the circumference, into your ordinary activities, in your day-to-day work.
We are not renouncers of the world; we are going to be in the world and yet not allow the world in us.
This is possible only if you are a witness.
Live like a buddha.
The only thing to remember is:
just be a witness.
The witness is the master key.
Thousands of masters have come to the same conclusion: that to be at the center, just a witness, is to become a buddha, the awakened one.
Then, slowly slowly persuade the buddha to come to your ordinary life. From the hidden sources, bring him to your extrovert activities.
When the inner and the outer become one,
the miracle has happened.

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Come back, but come back like a buddha -- with the grace, with the silence, with the beauty, with the gratitude.
Sit silently for a few moments, rejoicing this miraculous evening, remembering the path that you have followed to the center and back. This path has to be followed again and

again. Slowly slowly, that which is at the center will also spread all over your circumference.
That day is the great day of celebration.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar

Chapter #7
Chapter title: Eternity in his hands
21 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN TOSU WAS IN TOJO PROVINCE, JOSHU ASKED HIM, "AREN'T YOU THE MASTER OF TOSU HERMITAGE?"
TOSU SAID, "GIVE ME SOME TEA, SALT, AND CASH!"
JOSHU WENT BACK TO THE HERMITAGE, AND THAT EVENING SAW TOSU COMING BACK WITH SOME OIL. JOSHU SAID TO HIM, "I HEARD MUCH OF TOSU, BUT ALL I FIND IS AN OLD MAN SELLING OIL."
TOSU SAID, "YOU SEE THE OLD OIL-SELLER, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW TOSU."
JOSHU SAID, "WELL, HOW ABOUT TOSU?"
TOSU HELD UP THE BOTTLE AND SAID, "OIL! OIL!"
AT THE FUNERAL OF ONE OF HIS MONKS, JOSHU JOINED IN THE PROCESSION AND COMMENTED, "WHAT A LONG PROCESSION OF DEAD BODIES

FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE OF A SINGLE LIVING PERSON!"

Maneesha, Zen believes in a life which you are not acquainted with, a love that you have not even dreamt of. It lives in a totally different dimension, a dimension where everything is a dance, a celebration.

Zen is the only religion of life. Others are worshippers of the dead. Life contains millions of things, from the very small trivia to the greatest sacred peaks of consciousness. Zen does not renounce anything but transforms it as a stepping stone towards the higher.

It is the only life-affirmative religion that has arisen during the past centuries. Its affirmation is total. All other religions are religions of denial. Anything that seems to be a hindrance, they escape from it. Zen tries to turn it from a hindrance into a help -- and it has succeeded. Its success is of profound interest for the coming new man.

The new man will not think of Christianity as a religion, or Hinduism or Mohammedanism or any other religion, because they are all carrying a dead past. Life has escaped from them long before. They have not laughed for centuries; they have not been in tune with the universal music. They have forgotten the language of dance.

Zen alone seems a possibility for the future man. It will survive -- when all other religions are gone, Zen will be the only religion around the earth. In fact, all other religions are already dead. Just because of old habit, old conditioning, we go on carrying them, but they have not contributed anything to human consciousness. Rather than contributing they have destroyed much. They have

enslaved man, they have oppressed man, they have put man against man; they have created immense violence, war, massacre.

Zen is a religion of flowers, is a religion of songs, is a religion of ecstasy. It has nothing in it which in any way tries to avoid life in any form. It lives life in its totality -- and the miracle is that by living totally, each moment becomes so precious... there is no way to measure the beauty of the moment when a person is total, herenow.

These two anecdotes are very small, but great is their significance. The first will look very strange unless you understand that in each activity, a Zen master almost disappears in the action itself. His totality is so great that you can almost say that only the dance remains; the dancer disappears.

Once the great dancer Nijinsky was asked, "What are the greatest moments in your life?"

Nijinsky said, "The greatest moments in my life are those moments when only the dance remains and the dancer disappears."

The same answer was given by Picasso. While he was painting, somebody asked him. He said, "Don't ask me anything right now. While I am painting I am just a painter; I am not that great Picasso you have heard about. And when the deepest moments come, then even this painter disappears. Only the painting remains."

If you can see this point, then the first anecdote will become clear to you, because it is a little out-of-the-way....

WHEN TOSU WAS IN TOJO PROVINCE, JOSHU ASKED HIM, "AREN'T YOU THE MASTER OF TOSU HERMITAGE?"

TOSU SAID, "GIVE ME SOME TEA, SALT, AND CASH!"

He did not answer the question. That is one of the important things to understand: Zen answers in its own way, not in the ordinary way. We expect dialogues to happen. Joshu and Tosu both are prominent masters. Joshu asked him, "Aren't you the master, Tosu?" Without saying anything about himself, TOSU SAID, "GIVE ME SOME TEA, SALT AND CASH!" What does it mean?

It means, "You are a great master, you don't need to be answered. You can see for yourself that Tosu is standing before you. To answer you will be insulting, suggesting that you could not see for yourself the radiance of Tosu, his presence, his energy field, his aura. No, I will not insult a great master like Joshu." That's why he simply ignored the question.

This ignoring of the question would be taken anywhere else in the world as an insult -- but in Zen, this ignoring of the question has a totally different meaning. It is showing great respect: "What are you talking about? You have eyes to see. Just as I can recognize you, you can recognize me; hence the question is irrelevant and I am not going to insult you by answering it." Rather than answering, Tosu asked, "Give me some tea, salt and cash. I am a poor Zen master." Tosu was a very poor Zen master because he lived in a hermitage on a faraway mountain where it was very difficult for people to reach. He had become known as the master of Tosu Hermitage, but he was very poor. So rather than bothering about saying, "I am Tosu," he is showing his poverty. He was known as the poorest master -- one of the greatest souls, but the poorest in the sense that he had not

much of a following. He lived in such a strange place that nobody bothered to go there, it was too far away. And his behavior was very strange....

Joshu had just gone there to see him, hearing about him so much. There were many rumors about him and why he did not get disciples: "He himself is responsible because he behaves in such a way that disciples escape! In the first place nobody goes to that faraway hermitage. But sometimes somebody gathers courage, and Tosu behaves in such a way that the man loses heart and tries somehow to escape this strange man!"

Joshu has gone to see Tosu, and Tosu is showing his poverty by asking him, "Give me some tea! Don't bother about Tosu -- in this very moment I need some tea, some salt, and cash!"

A man of immense understanding -- he trusts Joshu that he will understand: "In this moment, don't ask unnecessary questions. I have not got even tea or salt or any cash. You are a great master, you have thousands of followers. I am a poor master, I don't have any followers. Nobody else is responsible for that; I am responsible. I behave in a way that they cannot understand. But I cannot change myself. I have to remain myself; I have to retain my integrity. Whether any disciple remains with me or not does not matter; I am alone enough.

"But in this moment you must be carrying some cash -- you have traveled so far from your monastery. So give me some tea -- you must be carrying tea and salt; you have been on a long journey. And a little cash won't do any harm."

Showing his poverty -- that was his fame, that he is the poorest man yet one of the greatest masters. By showing his poverty he is saying, "You can see for yourself that Tosu is standing before you, asking for cash. Even the poorest have salt, but I don't even have salt."

Joshu went back to the hermitage and that evening he saw Tosu coming back with some oil. He had remained in Tosu's hermitage the whole day, waiting for him to come. But he had disappeared somewhere. In the evening Joshu saw him coming back with some oil. He was so poor, there was no oil even for a lamp in the night. So he must have gone to the nearby village to ask for some oil, and he was coming with a bottle of oil.

JOSHU SAID TO HIM, "I HEARD MUCH OF TOSU, BUT ALL I FIND IS AN OLD MAN SELLING OIL."

TOSU SAID, "YOU SEE THE OLD OIL-SELLER, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW TOSU. You are looking only at the outside, you are not looking in my eyes. You are not looking into my very being."

JOSHU SAID, "WELL, HOW ABOUT TOSU?"

TOSU HELD UP THE BOTTLE AND SAID, "OIL! OIL!"

In this moment there is no Tosu but only a bottle of oil. As far as Tosu is concerned he is an absence. He is just an emptiness, a nothingness. In this moment at least he has something: "In the morning when you came I had nothing, so I asked you for some tea, some salt and a little cash. For the night, I don't have any oil. I am not a oil-seller; I have begged this oil from the town. And in this moment, in my emptiness, there is no other thought than simply `Oil! Oil!' and nothing else."

It is easier to understand Nijinsky when he says, "I disappear in my dance. The dance becomes so intense that I am no more." Out of such experiences Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi, a Sufi mystic, simply made whirling his only method. His followers are called whirling dervishes. They whirl for hours -- it is not easy. Jalaluddin Rumi himself whirled for thirty-six hours continuously, and in the whirling he became enlightened because in the whirling he got lost; only whirling remained. There was no one inside. There was utter emptiness and silence.

It is easy to understand Jalaluddin Rumi, or Picasso, or Nijinsky. It is a little more difficult to understand Tosu when he says, "What are you asking about Tosu? At this moment there is only oil. In the morning there was not even oil; I had asked you for some cash..."

This small anecdote between two masters of similar experience, similar greatness, can be of great help to you. Any activity, if it becomes so total that you are completely absorbed in it, becomes a meditation. Losing yourself and remaining conscious -- that is the simplest formula for meditation.

AT THE FUNERAL OF ONE OF HIS MONKS, JOSHU JOINED IN THE PROCESSION AND COMMENTED, "WHAT A LONG PROCESSION OF DEAD BODIES FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE OF A SINGLE LIVING PERSON!"

The man who had died was a master, and a master is more alive even in his death than you are in your life. The master never dies. That is the very secret that has made him a master -- that he knows there is no death. He has got hold

of eternity in his hands. He carries immortality in his very depths. You can burn his body, but you cannot burn his eternity, his immortality.

Joshu is right when he says, "Look at the strange procession! In the wake of one living man... and that living man is lying down in the coffin; thousands of dead bodies are following."

To the man of understanding, unless you are utterly conscious you can't claim that you are alive. At the most you can say you are surviving, just at the minimum. You have not known the Himalayan peaks of life; you have not known the Pacific depths of your consciousness. So thin is your consciousness that it is a miracle that you manage for seventy years to breathe, to walk, to talk, to do all kinds of things. And your roots remain neglected. You don't know even that you have roots. You never nourish your roots.

Do you understand that attention is food for consciousness? In a very unconscious way you are aware that if nobody pays attention to you, you start feeling a little embarrassed. If the whole city decides one day that nobody will take note of you, as if you are not, you yourself will start suspecting whether you are alive or dead: "Do I exist or am I only dreaming?" You need attention continuously.

And that is the struggle between parents and children, husband and wife, and friends. What is the struggle? -- "Give me more attention!" I have seen wives taking newspapers away from their husbands' hands: "While I am here, what do you mean by reading the same newspaper the whole day? How many times have you read it?" And the poor fellow was simply reading it to avoid getting into any

conversation with the wife; because every conversation ends in a fight.

Nobody can argue with a woman. As far as I know, up to now nobody has been able because the woman does not allow you to argue. She has her own, totally different methodology. She throws things, she breaks plates, she beats small children -- that is her argument. And the husband has to agree with her; otherwise she will burn down the whole house! He has to say, "Yes, you are right." And he knows that she is not right at all, but what to do? She has taken such a position that it is better to agree in the very early stages. Later on, it becomes more and more difficult and the distance becomes bigger and she becomes more and more insane.

You cannot argue with insane people. And the woman has found that it is very beneficial to her: the husband has to agree at some point, without fail. She has only to press more and more, give him as much pain in the neck as possible and finally she is always the winner. So, husbands who are intelligent enough accept defeat from the very beginning.

That's why there is only one kind of husband in the world, and that is henpecked; there exists no other kind, a single category. It is better not to get into the argument at all.

Two men used to sit in a pub, late in the night after everybody else had gone. When the pub would be closing, then, very reluctantly they would leave. They were strangers, but by and by -- because every night they were the only ones, the last to get out of the pub -- one finally

asked the other, "What is the matter? Why do you go on sitting here?"
The other man said, "It is very simple, that's why I have not asked you. It is my wife. Until she is asleep, I have to remain here. If I find her awake, then there is bound to be difficulty. She will create some kind of trouble." And then he asked the first man, "Why are you sitting here? I think the problem must be the same."
The other man said, "No, I am not married. It is because there is nobody at home, just an empty, dark house."
The man who had a wife said, "You idiot! You are the luckiest man. You should enjoy the darkness of your house! Listen to me, I am more experienced. You are wasting your time here in the pub. I have to, but you don't have to stay here."
But this is the problem. The people who have not known women will never know that they are a different kind of creatures -- very nice to look at, very good to meet at the beach, but just keep a distance. Once you come closer, into their grip, then you know -- "My god!"
Hindus have a temple in Calcutta, perhaps the most famous temple of India. It is a temple of the Mother Goddess Kali, a black woman, ferocious, with four hands. In one hand she has a naked sword, in another hand the head -- just the head, freshly cut, the blood is dripping -- standing on the chest of her own husband.
I have often been to the temple, because the people who have created it must have known some psychology. The way the society is managed, the man thinks he is the master. The woman allows him to think, because she knows exactly who the master is -- let him enjoy! Just an

idea, no harm in it -- let him enjoy thinking that he is the master. He calls himself a "husband." Husband means the farmer, and the woman is the earth, and he farms the earth. Let him enjoy all these fictions, but the reality is totally different.

These men, these women, quarreling, fighting, never come to know what life in its purity is. They don't have time. And strangest of all... I have heard many people, playing cards or chess, or going to the movie... you ask them for what and they say, "We are going to kill time." And nobody objects! What are you saying? Time is killing you! From where did you get the idea that you can kill time? You cannot even catch hold of time. Time is fleeting, so fast that you can't see it. The speed is beyond your visualization. How can you kill time? But millions of people around the world are killing time in different ways, as if life has been given to them just to destroy.

These people only think they are alive, because they have not known the secrets of life. They have not known the silences of the heart. They have never gone into the deepest source of their being. They have never nourished their roots by giving attention to them.

The deeper you go, taking your total attention, the more alive you are. And then a change comes: from time, you move into timelessness. In time, you are bound to die. In time things are born and things have to die. If you want to avoid the vicious circle of life and death and the whole agony, the anguish, then you have to move from time to timelessness.

And that is a small step. The moment you reach within your very center, you have moved beyond time. You have reached into eternity.
That eternity is your buddha.
This is the essential religion. All the prayers of other religions, all their scriptures, all their rituals, are not only useless but dangerous -- dangerous in the sense that they are preventing you from finding the essential religion. They are fake religions. Those fake religions have lost their ground, but just because of old habits we continue -- going to the church, going to the temple, going to the synagogue.
And all these religions are in the hands of a worldwide priesthood. It does not matter whether that priest is a rabbi, or a bishop, or a pundit; it is a great conspiracy against humanity. The priest, who goes on giving you toys in the name of religion, keeps you engaged, gives you the feeling that you are doing something religious. He keeps you, as Karl Marx says, under the influence of a certain kind of drug, opium.
I don't agree with Karl Marx on a thousand and one things, but on this point that the priesthood, religion, has been the opium of the people, I agree with him absolutely, unconditionally, categorically. They keep you dead. They never allow you the chance to have a look into the eternal life.
Joshu is right when he says,
"WHAT A LONG PROCESSION OF DEAD BODIES FOLLOWS IN THE WAKE OF A SINGLE LIVING PERSON!"

You can be a living person only if you are rooted in your center. If you are not rooted in the center and are living only on the circumference, you are just so-so alive, lukewarm, without any intensity, without any urgency, without any joy. Your life is just an empty word.
You have to find your authentic life. It is there, hidden in you, but you go on running everywhere else. You never think of going inwards. The very idea seems to be strange -- "What is there inwards? Just a skeleton, blood, bones." What is the point of unnecessarily creating fear for yourself? If you see your skeleton, you will be really afraid! But that is not what we mean by the inward. By the inward we mean going beyond all that is material. Your skeleton is matter, your blood is matter, your bones are material. By going inward we mean going beyond this skeleton that you think you are.
And the going is so simple. Just a little intelligence and you can be alive, a dancing life full of songs and full of flowers. At least for my people I would like to say, never settle for less. Find out the total secret of your being, because in finding the whole secret of your being you will find the whole secret of the universe. Then life becomes a totally different phenomenon, a continuous celebration, each moment a festival. Each moment the opening of a new dimension, a new mystery. The whole of life becomes so full of miracles that naturally a deep gratitude arises in you, to bow down not to any god but to this universe which contains the trees and the animals and the birds.
This universe is your home. You come out of this universe and you go back into this universe. Prayer is meaningless.

Only gratitude... you don't even have to use the word, just the feeling of gratitude.
But the feeling of gratitude will arise only when you have experienced the mysteries, the splendor, the whole garden of flowers that is given to you. And you had not asked for it; you don't in any way deserve it, you have not earned it. It is a sheer gift, from the abundance of existence itself. Existence is heavy, so loaded with splendor it wants to share.
It cannot share unless you are centered in your being. It can share its secrets only with a buddha. And you have every opportunity to become a buddha.
Gido wrote:
THERE COULD NEVER BE AN ACCURATE PAINTING
OF BLOSSOMS IN THE AIR...
Obviously, because the blossoms are always dancing in the air, in the rain, in the sun. How can there be an accurate painting? All photographs will be dead, all paintings will be dead.
THERE COULD NEVER BE AN ACCURATE PAINTING
OF BLOSSOMS IN THE AIR.
PUT DOWN YOUR BRUSH
AND LOOK AGAIN CLOSELY:
IT IS IN THE BLANK SPACE
OF THE BACKGROUND
THAT THE FIGURE MATERIALIZES.

What Gido means to say is that everything is flowing and changing. There can never be an accurate photograph,

because by the time the photograph is taken and the positive is made from the negative, you have changed. You have become older; photographs don't become old. You are no more the same person.

And that applies to your experience of the world. Everything is in change, continuously shifting, except one thing: that is your witness. So put down the brush and your camera -- just look. And in looking, remember not to get lost in the seen. Remember the seer -- that is the only permanent point you can depend on. That is the only security, the only certainty, the only thing you can rely on. Everything else is going to shift and change. It is all a flux, all around.

It is beautiful -- if you understand it as a flux, it is perfectly beautiful. It becomes a disappointment when you start making it permanent. A meeting of a man with a woman is beautiful, but the moment you start thinking of marriage, you are starting to destroy something beautiful that was growing. The moment you reach the marriage registrar's office... there is still time; escape before you go inside!

I have heard about a couple who had gone to the registrar's office, and they were filling out the form to be married. The man signed after the signing by the woman, and the woman immediately said to the magistrate, "I want a divorce!"

He said, "Are you mad or something? You have just now filled out the form! What has happened that makes you ask for a divorce?"

The woman said, "Look at this paper!" On the paper, the man had signed in such big, capital letters... The woman

had signed in small, normal letters but the man had signed as if it were a headline in a newspaper!

The woman said, "This is enough. I don't want to get into trouble with this man. He has shown his reality and it is already a conflict. It is better to move out from the very beginning."

It is a tremendous experience to go to the registrar's office and watch what goes on happening there day by day. One man, ninety-five years old, went to the registrar's office with his wife, ninety-three years old. They wanted a divorce. The registrar could not believe it. He said, "When did you get married?"

The man said, "It is so long ago, perhaps seventy years before? But we are not certain. It seems, with the way we have lived in agony and continuous conflict, as if we have been married since eternity. I cannot think of any time in the past when I was not married to this woman."

The magistrate said, "If you have managed for that long, now it is only a question of a few months, maybe a few years. You are at the very end of the rope. Now what is the point? And if you wanted to divorce because of agony and struggle, why did you not come before?"

They both said, "We were waiting for all our children to die. Today our last son died; now we are finished. Now, at least for a few months or a few years, we can live peacefully. We waited and waited, and hoped that one day all would be dead so we would not be deserting our children. We suffered all kinds of agony, but this hope that one day we could divorce kept us alive. Now don't refuse us. We have lived our whole life just for this divorce, just to have a few moments of independence, of freedom."

Things become difficult because you ask and expect something unnatural. You cannot make anything permanent in this world, any relationship. The moment you try to make anything permanent, you are getting into troubled waters unnecessarily, because it is against nature. Nature is a flux. Movement, and continuous movement, is its very nature.

Only one thing is unmovable, and that is your very center. So first get deeply rooted in your center, and your life will blossom in thousands of flowers. Life can be such a delight if you don't ask anything against nature. Just be in a let-go. Things change -- let them change. Allow them, help them change. Just remember: one thing never changes and that is your original reality. That is enough. You are safe, secure; you don't need any other insurance.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked:

BELOVED OSHO,

WE WERE TOLD THAT OUR TOTAL PARTICIPATION IN THE YAA-HOO IS NEEDED FOR YOUR WORK ON US. IS IT THAT A CRESCENDO OF SOUND IN THE YAA-HOO, AND THE INTENSE EXPERIENCE OF SILENCE IN THE LAST STAGE OF MEDITATION, LEAD TO EXACTLY THE SAME SPACE -- THE "SEA OF CONSCIOUSNESS"?

Yes, Maneesha, Yaa-Hoo can lead even deeper because Yaa-Hoo can become more intense, one-pointed. It can hit, deep down. You just watch when you make the sound Yaa-Hoo. It is not a word, it means nothing. It is simply my finding, amongst many sounds which have been used by

different mystics in different times. I have found that Yaa-Hoo goes the deepest.
It has never been used. HOO has been used; it has been used as part of ALLAH-HOO. If you repeat "Allah," which is the name Sufis give to God -- if you repeat it continuously, ALLAH, ALLAH, ALLAH, soon you will find it is becoming "Allah-hoo, Allah-hoo, Allah-hoo Allah-hoo." Then Sufis dropped the "Allah." There is no need, you can just shout "Hoo" and it hits at the very center of your being.
But my finding is that "Hoo" only touches your being and immediately comes back. It does not go deep, like an arrow, penetrating. For that, my experience with Yaa-Hoo has made me absolutely certain that it goes deepest in you. It goes just like a sword. It all depends with how much intensity, urgency, totality, you do it.
It is not a mantra. It is simply using sound to reach the soundless silence. After Yaa-Hoo you are left in a deep silence. So it is part of my work on you, and as you get deeper into it, you will find changes happening to you.

Now it is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.If Sardar Gurudayal Singh leaves his material body, he will have to come as a ghost, a holy ghost, just to help all these people with a total laughter.
Don't laugh superficially, because that is wasting time. Laugh as totally as possible, bringing your whole consciousness to it. The jokes are just to trigger you.
Soon I will have to drop jokes, because I must have told more jokes then anybody else in the whole history of man. In fact, I have told more jokes than there are! So sooner or

later we have to change the technique, from jokes to spontaneous laughter.
Why unnecessarily waste time with a joke when we can laugh without it? It is just for Sardar Gurudayal Singh that I am postponing, day by day, because he is old and any time he may pop off. At least in his lifetime, I think to continue the jokes. Anyway, when he is not here it will be so embarrassing to tell jokes in his absence.

It is Thanksgiving weekend, the big national holiday in America, and at the Sons of Columbus annual picnic, Grandpa Risotto gets up and makes an announcement.
"And-a now," he says, "for the winner of the grand-a prize! This beautiful apple pie baked by Mrs. Alucchi!"
Grandad Piesta is sitting at the back of the picnic a little drunk, and shouts out, "Fuck Mrs. Alucchi!"
"Ah!" says Grandpa Risotto. "That's-a second prize!"

An Englishman, an Italian and a German are exploring the Amazon jungle in Brazil, when they are captured by cannibals. They are tied to bamboo poles and carried to "Spoon-em-out," the village cook.
"Hmm!" says Spoon-em-out, prodding the naked bodies expertly. "I don't think we can cook them all together in the soup. But this one," he says, poking the Italian, "we can eat for dinner tonight. He is greasy enough to be fried immediately.
"This one," continues Spoon-em-out, jabbing the Englishman, "we can boil up for the sick people. He has no salt and almost no taste, like tofu!

"And this one, " grimaces Spoon-em-out, eyeing the German, "we will soak in water for a week. Then he might be less tough and easier to digest!"

Sidney Silicon, the San Francisco yuppie, is jogging on a foggy morning along the cliff-tops around the bay.
He loses his way in the fog, gets too close to the edge, trips, and falls over the cliff. He manages to grab hold of a small branch which is sticking out halfway down, and there he hangs, suspended in space.
"Help!" screams Sidney. "Is anybody there?"
There is a long silence, and then a loud voice booms from above, "Yes, my son, I am here. I am God! Just let go of the branch and my angels will catch you and bring you to paradise."
Some seconds go by, and then Sidney shouts again, "Is there anybody there?"
"My son," booms the voice from above, "I told you, I am God and I am here! Trust me!"
"I know," says Sidney, "that you are there. But isn't anybody else there?"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Be silent. Close your eyes, feel your body to be completely frozen.

Now look inwards, with your total consciousness, with great urgency, as if this is going to be your last moment. Just like a spear, go on piercing towards the center.

This moment that you are at the center, you are a buddha. This buddha nature is the only thing that remains forever. Witnessing is another name of buddha nature. Just remain unwavering at the center and witnessing whatever comes before the mirror.
To make it more clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Relax. Just witness: you are not the body, you are not the mind. You are only the witness. This experience of being only the witness is what we metaphorically call the buddha.
As silence becomes deeper, as your separateness from existence disappears... as this Buddha Auditorium contains only consciousness as an ocean, the evening becomes tremendously beautiful. It becomes a festival.
Thousands of flowers will be showering on you. Gather as much fragrance, as many flowers as possible, to bring back.
Slowly slowly, you have to bring the buddha back to your circumference. In your every activity, in your every gesture, every word, every silence, you have to show the buddha.
This is the highest achievement in existence.
Bring as much of your self-nature as possible.
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Come back, but remember: each movement of sitting up should be that of a buddha -- peaceful, graceful, a beauty unto itself. Blissful, grateful, sit for a few moments just

recollecting where you have been, just remembering the golden path that you traveled to the center and back. Your meditation has to become your very heartbeat. Twenty-four hours a day you have to remind yourself: nothing should happen through you which will not be suitable for a buddha. And soon you will see the great transformation happening.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.

Joshu: The Lion's Roar
Chapter #8
Chapter title: The lion's roar
22 October 1988 pm in Gautam the Buddha Auditorium

BELOVED OSHO,
ONCE JOSHU WAS ASKED, "WHAT IS THE SPECIAL TEACHING OF YOUR SCHOOL?"
JOSHU'S RESPONSE WAS, "THOUGH THE FOLDING SCREEN IS BROKEN, THE FRAME IS STILL THERE."
AT ANOTHER TIME, THE SAME QUESTION WAS ASKED OF JOSHU, AND HE REPLIED, "ASK IN A LOUD VOICE -- I'M HARD OF HEARING."
WHEN THE MONK HAD REPEATED THE QUESTION IN A LOUD VOICE, JOSHU SAID, "YOU ASK ME MY SPECIAL TEACHING -- I KNOW YOUR SPECIAL TEACHING."

ONCE, JOSHU WAS ASKED TO GO TO A KOREAN TEMPLE TO A MEETING. WHEN HE REACHED THE GATE, HE ASKED, "WHAT TEMPLE IS THIS?"
SOMEONE ANSWERED: "A KOREAN ONE."
JOSHU SAID, "YOU AND I ARE OCEANS AWAY."
ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK ASKED, "WHEN A BEGGAR COMES, WHAT SHALL WE GIVE HIM?"
JOSHU ANSWERED, "HE IS LACKING IN NOTHING."

Maneesha, this is the last night of THE LION'S ROAR. Before I discuss the sutras placed before me, I have to give you a few hints to understand Joshu and his lion's roar.
A lion is a special symbol. He walks alone, unafraid of any danger. He has nothing, but still he is called the king of the jungle.
A man of enlightenment has some similarities. He walks alone, and although there may be thousands of dead bodies following him, it does not take away his aloneness. His aloneness is something of his inner being -- no crowd can take it away, there is no way for anyone to approach it. And he walks on a dangerous path.
Most people have remained outside themselves for a particular reason: to go in is a little dangerous. The outside seems to be familiar, well known. You know how to deal with it, you are well acquainted with it, you are educated and conditioned to relate with it.
But you don't know the language of the inner, and you don't know the sky of the inner, and you don't know where you are going -- you don't have any map, you don't have any guide. Nobody can come with you to help you. This creates tremendous fear. People remain their whole life outside,

engaged, keeping themselves occupied. They don't leave any time gap in their occupations because in the time gap they may become aware of something of the unknown that is always there.

One day it happened in a New York church: as the bishop entered the church he found a young man, looking just like Jesus Christ. He thought in his mind that this fellow must be a hippie... but what a similarity! He asked the man, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

The man said, "I thought you would recognize me -- I am Jesus Christ!"

The bishop became really afraid: who knows, he may be! But he may be just deceiving; that too is possible. He immediately phoned the Polack pope in Rome, asking him, "A young man -- who looks to me like a hippie, but also looks like Jesus Christ -- is standing here. Now what am I supposed to do? I have never been taught, I have never thought that I would ever in my life encounter Jesus."

The pope remained silent for a moment, because he himself was not prepared for such a situation. But something has to be said to the poor bishop. He told the bishop, "Just keep yourself occupied, and don't pay any attention to him. Everything is possible -- he may be Jesus Christ, he may be a hippie. Inform the police, and meanwhile keep an eye on what the fellow is doing. And you keep yourself occupied -- in anything -- so that you don't become afraid or frightened. But call the police!"

Strange, that if a Jesus appears in a Christian church, this will be the welcome.

With the unknown, somehow our whole stomach gets disturbed. We don't know how to respond because our

whole teaching, our whole upbringing, is to react to particular conditions for which we already have the answer. Our mind functions almost like a computer memory and our educational system goes on pouring information into our mind computer. So whenever a situation arises for which you are already informed, you don't get frightened -- you are well prepared, you have done the homework. But for the inner you are absolutely unprepared.

Entering into the inner forest, one knows nothing about what is going to happen and whether he will be able to find anything valuable, or whether he will be able to come back again.

I have come across a man... his wife brought him to me. The man had become afraid of sleep. And his argument was perfectly right: he said, "What is the guarantee that I will not die in my sleep? Who knows, I may not get up the next morning -- then what? Sleep takes you to your deeper unconscious, inwards. You may go so deep that you cannot come out!"

The wife said, "Now he is driving the whole family nuts. He does not sleep, and he goes on asking everybody, `Are you asleep?'"

Now, to ask a sleeping person, "Are you asleep?" is to wake him up. And that was the whole strategy: everybody should be awake; alone he is also afraid because everybody is asleep and he is left alone, awake. If something happens there is nobody to look to. So neither he sleeps, nor does he allow anybody else to sleep.

He must have been taken to many people -- to doctors, to psychiatrists, and finally somebody suggested, "It is better to take him to a crazier man than he is!"

So I agreed with the man. I said, "You are absolutely right. Your wife is wrong, your family is wrong, and anybody who says to you..."
He laughed, and looked at his wife and said, "See! A wise man understands, and you have been taking me to idiots."
I told the wife, "Your husband is really doing the right thing."
The wife said, "You are creating more difficulty! Up to now, at least he felt that he was doing something wrong, something he should not do but he was helpless. Now he will be absolutely right and everybody else will be wrong."
I said, "That's the truth, he is absolutely right. So you go away; we have made a communion, so leave us alone just for a few minutes and he will be back."
The man said, "Strange that in the whole city you are the only man who has understood my situation."
I said to him, "This is the situation of the whole humanity: nobody wants to go in. The fear of going in is that you are going into the unknown, in the darkness. And the same fear has taken over you in regard to sleep. You are a spiritual man, it is just that you have not understood the reason you are afraid of going to sleep."
He was very happy to hear that he was a spiritual man! Everybody was thinking he was insane. I said, "You are so spiritual that death cannot do anything, any harm to you. You can sleep perfectly well."
He said, "You are certain?"
I said, "I am certain."
He said, "Then it is okay, I will sleep. And if you say that I am a spiritual man, then certainly I should not be afraid of death."

The whole phenomenon of spirituality is not to be afraid of death, because death is a fiction; it does not happen. Your innermost life principle is eternal. I said, "By the way, you have found something very essential in the search of every man. Your fear is absolutely right, because you don't know that you are deathless, that you are beyond death. Just go home, go to sleep, and I will come in the morning to see you."

In the morning I went -- the whole family was puzzled about how I had managed. That man had slept, after many days. In the morning he was very fresh and he said, "You are right. Sleep has nothing to take away; not even death has anything to take away. Death, after all, is a longer sleep."

Zen, particularly in the hands of Joshu, becomes a lion's roar that resounds in faraway mountains and valleys. Only a man who knows life as an experience, not as an explanation, is capable to give a lion's roar to wake up other lions.

I have told you the story, a very ancient story, about a lioness giving birth to a cub while she was jumping from one hillock to another hillock. The cub fell into a crowd of sheep and grew up amongst the sheep. There was no way for him to know that he was not a sheep -- perhaps that was the only vegetarian lion in the whole history of animalhood! Absolutely vegetarian, just eating grass. Even eating grass he started becoming bigger than the sheep, longer, a beautiful specimen. But the sheep were not afraid, they never thought that he was dangerous. He had grown amongst them, they had relations with him, friends.

Somebody mothered him, somebody was taking care of him; there was no question of being afraid. They were just concerned... what a strange kind of sheep! -- looks like a lion, but must be a natural mistake. And they were very happy to have him amongst them. While they moved in thousands in a crowd, he stood aloof in the middle of them. One day an old lion saw this phenomenon and could not believe it. He had never seen any lion walking in a crowd of sheep. The moment sheep see a lion they start escaping -- it was a miracle.

The old lion went down to catch hold of the young lion. The sheep started running and the young lion also started running -- naturally. He believed he was a sheep.

But the old lion was a man just like Joshu. He got hold of him. He started trembling, and the old lion said, "You idiot! You are trembling and weeping and crying and asking that you should be released because you want to join your group. There is something you don't know, it seems you are unaware, and I will not leave you unless I make you aware. You come with me!"

He dragged him to a nearby lake. The lake was silent -- no ripples, no wind was there. He took the young lion to the edge of the water and told him, "Look in the water. Look at my face and your face."

Instantaneously, from the young lion a roar came out. It was not any effort, it was simply the fact of seeing that he is a lion -- immediately a roar that resounded in faraway mountains.

The old lion said, "My work is done. Now do you know who you are?"

The young lion thanked the old lion and said, "You have been very kind to me. Otherwise my whole life I would have lived chewing grass with the sheep, continuously afraid of being alone. You have given me a new birth."
That's exactly the function of a master: to create a situation in which the lion's roar comes spontaneously, the recognition of your being. And Joshu was a great craftsman, immensely capable of devising new methods to wake up those who are fast asleep and completely unaware of their being.
These sutras will help you to understand his methodology.

ONCE JOSHU WAS ASKED, "WHAT IS THE SPECIAL TEACHING OF YOUR SCHOOL?"
Now such questions are very ordinary and common; you can ask them to any philosopher, you can ask them to any priest, any pedagogue. But you cannot ask such a question to a Zen master.
That is where the Zen master is a completely different category -- because Zen has no teaching, what to say about special or not special. It has a method of awakening you, but it has no doctrine, no theology. It does not teach you anything, it simply wakes you up and leaves you liberated.
It does not program you for anything. Its function is finished the moment you are aware. Your very awareness will become your discipline, your compassion, your love. Your actions will be transformed by your awareness, not by rehearsals, not by repressing the opposite.
What are teachings? What are doctrines? Ways of repressing. To teach you that you are a Christian, and you

should love even your enemy... now in the first place if you are really a man of love, how can you find an enemy? And if you have an enemy, then it is going to be absolutely difficult to love him. It is difficult to love even the friend. And if you want to know the ultimate fact, it is even difficult to love yourself, because you don't know what you are. You don't know what love is. So what will you do? You will simply impose, you will become a hypocrite. Every Christian, every Mohammedan, every Hindu, every Buddhist is nothing but a hypocrite. He has to cover up all jealousy, hate, cruelty, greed -- and cover them up with beautiful disciplines, practiced well. But howsoever you practice them, what you are doing is simply repressing. So what you have repressed remains in you, and will come out at any moment.

There was a Christian missionary who used to say in every sermon, quoting Jesus, "If somebody slaps your cheek, give him the other cheek also."

Everybody loved the teaching -- it is beautiful. But in one village, one idiot created trouble. Hearing this, he stood up and slapped the priest on one cheek, and asked him, "Now give me the other cheek!"

The priest was boiling with anger -- this had never happened, this was strange. Still, he contained his anger. It is only a question of one cheek more; then he will see.

He gave the other cheek. And that man was so stupid, he hit him again on the other cheek! Just as he hit him, the priest jumped on the man and started hitting him here and there -- everywhere.

The man said, "What are you doing? Have you forgotten your sermon?"

He said, "There are only two cheeks, and Jesus said nothing beyond that. Beyond that I am free."
So how long can you...?

Once it happened to Gautam Buddha.... A man was going to spread the teaching of his master. He asked Buddha, "If somebody is very unkind, cruel, how many times do I have to forgive him?" Because that was the teaching of Buddha -- forgive. But the problem is, how many times? And in the very question, "How many times?" it shows that the man has not forgiven, he is just repressing. He is asking, "How many times to repress?" -- reduced to its exact meaning.
Buddha said, "Seven times."
That man said, "Okay. The eighth time I am absolutely free."
Buddha said, "You have not understood my idea. What do you mean by saying the eighth time you are absolutely free?"
He said, "The eighth time I will kill the man! Seven times I forgave him, now it is enough."
Seeing the situation -- still, people who make doctrines and moralities and principles to live by, can't see the underlying repression -- Buddha said, "Not seven times, but seventy-seven times."
Buddha's chief disciple Sariputra said, "It does not make any difference. Even if you say seven hundred seventy-seven times, it does not make any difference, because after that he is free. And he is waiting for that moment when the principle comes to an end and he can show his reality."
All discipline is limited. You cannot condition a man absolutely. You can cover him up with a thin layer, but just

scratch the layer and immediately all discipline is forgotten. All Christianity is forgotten, all Buddhism is forgotten; immediately your animal comes out.
Hence, masters like Joshu have improved immensely on Gautam Buddha. Although they are disciples of Gautam Buddha, he has shown the way... but the way is always capable of being refined, more refined.
Joshu has made a great contribution. He has no teaching, no "special teaching." He simply wakes you up and then it is up to you how to live. If your wakefulness does not prevent you from being greedy and ambitious, hateful, jealous, revengeful, then nothing can transform you. The ultimate principle of transformation has been given to you. You are awake, alert, responsible -- now you are free. You can do whatever comes spontaneously to you. There is no abiding teaching, no abiding theology. You are your own decision, your own discipline.
That is the beauty of Zen that no other religion has.

ONCE JOSHU WAS ASKED, "WHAT IS THE SPECIAL TEACHING OF YOUR SCHOOL?"
JOSHU'S RESPONSE WAS, "THOUGH THE FOLDING SCREEN IS BROKEN, THE FRAME IS STILL THERE."
The man who has asked the question was Joshu's own disciple. He is saying to him, "THOUGH THE FOLDING SCREEN IS BROKEN, THE FRAME IS STILL THERE -- the frame of the window. The screen is broken, but the frame is still there. You have been with me, you understand that I don't have any teaching. So you are asking, `What is your special teaching? Must be to the very intimate, inner circle that you give the special teaching.' So THE

FOLDING SCREEN IS BROKEN -- a part of your mind, that there needs to be a teaching, is broken. But only a part; the frame of the window is still there. You are again asking the same thing, just by joining on the word `special'. There is no teaching, and there is no special teaching."

Zen is the only way of life which has nothing to teach you. It does exactly what the English word `education' means in its original roots. To educate means to bring out what is inside you. It is almost like drawing water from a well.

All our educational systems are doing just the opposite. They should not be called educational institutions. But such is the blindness and such is the unintelligence, the retardedness, of the people who decide the fate of millions -- the politicians, the priests. They can't see a simple thing, that your educational institutions are feeding things from outside into your mind. They are programming your mind, they are not doing education. They are not drawing your life to the circumference; they are not drawing your innermost awareness into your life.

I have been fighting with the Indian government for my whole life but they cannot understand the simple fact that this is an educational institution and what you call educational institutions are not; they are programming schools. But it is almost one man against the whole world. They go on denying that this place is a place of education. They don't understand the meaning of the word at all.

Zen is not a teaching but it is an education. It draws out whatever you have in your innermost core -- the joy, the bliss, all the flowers that are possible; compassion and love, all the songs that are hidden in you, all the dances, all creativity. You are part of a creative universe; you must

have some part to play in the whole creativity that is going on everywhere.

But your so-called educational systems, rather than bringing anything out from you, do just the opposite: they force things upon you. Your religions do the same, your society, culture, everybody is doing the same. Nobody is careful of the delicate seed. They go on throwing all kinds of rubbish and the seed is covered, is never given the right soil, is never given the right climate. Its season never comes. It never becomes a sprout, green and living and radiant. It never becomes foliage; it never brings roses, which you all are carrying.

I am calling those roses hidden in you "the buddha." Everybody is carrying a buddha within him, just it has to be carried out. Devices have to be made so that you can carry your center out to the circumference. This is the only education in the world. Everything else is a teaching, not education; and teaching is always in the favor of the vested interests.

Teaching can never be revolutionary. The teacher is the servant of the vested interests. Only a sannyasin can be a revolutionary because he has no vested interest, no obligation to any investment. He has liberated himself from all connections, all dominating forces. He stands alone. He is capable of giving a lion's roar, which may trigger the same roar in you also.

Only very few sannyasins in the world have been authentic rebels. Joshu is a great rebel, a whole rebellion.

AT ANOTHER TIME, THE SAME QUESTION WAS ASKED OF JOSHU, AND HE REPLIED, "ASK IN A LOUD VOICE -- I'M HARD OF HEARING."

This question was also from a disciple. And everybody knew that Joshu is not hard of hearing, he just wants to wake up the man by asking him to speak loudly. Perhaps by speaking loudly you may come out of your sleep.

Have you ever experienced that in sleep, if you speak loudly in some dream, you are immediately awake. You can go on talking in a normal way, but there are situations in dreams where you have to scream. Perhaps you are falling from a cliff and you have to scream, and suddenly you are awake. Every nightmare ends up in your waking because the nightmare brings you to a position where you have to scream loudly. Nobody has commented on Joshu's answer, even in Zen circles: why did he say, "ASK IN A LOUD VOICE -- I'M HARD OF HEARING."

WHEN THE MONK HAD REPEATED THE QUESTION IN A LOUD VOICE, JOSHU SAID, "YOU ASK ME MY SPECIAL TEACHING -- I KNOW your SPECIAL TEACHING."

The man was a missionary type. He was a disciple but he was a disciple just to gather some more knowledge so he could go pretending to be a master himself.

He missed the whole device. If he had understood why Joshu was saying, "Speak in a loud voice" -- and he knows that he is not hard of hearing, so there must be some point to be understood. He is asking for loud speaking so that you can wake up. But the man missed the point. He repeated the question in a loud voice. If he had got the point, he would have touched the feet of Joshu.

In awareness, there is no teaching, no special teaching; one just goes on acting spontaneously. Whatever situation arises, one is a mirror, and goes on reflecting whoever comes before the mirror.

Awareness is just a mirror, and your response is not a repetition from an old teaching. Your response is fresh, of this moment. Even you were not aware that you would respond in this way, because you are not repeating a memorized answer; you are simply responding with full awareness. Seeing the situation, whatever is needed in this moment comes out of you from the very center -- not from the memory but from your very being.

The man missed. And because he missed, Joshu told him: "YOU ASK ME MY SPECIAL TEACHING -- I KNOW your SPECIAL TEACHING."

Zen is a very subtle game. It is very delicate. You have to be very alert and watchful of what is happening.

Joshu said, "You are asking my teaching -- I have not asked your teaching but I know your special teaching because all that you have are the scriptures. Everything is borrowed, nothing is your own contribution, so anybody could know what your special teaching is."

He did not say to him directly, "You missed," but indirectly he has pointed out to him that all teachings are borrowed, all disciplines are borrowed. That a man of awareness acts in the moment according to his own awareness, not according to some principle.

But all the religions are full of principles. And those principles have destroyed humanity, its awareness, its responsibility.

I have told you, when God made the world he went around asking different people -- the Babylonians, the Egyptians -- "Do you want a commandment?"
The Babylonians said, "First we would like to know what the commandment is. Without knowing, we don't want one."
He sad, "You should not commit adultery."
The Babylonians said, "Then what shall we do? Keep your commandment."
He said to the Egyptians, "You should not steal." And they said, "Life will not be so juicy. We are not interested in such commandments; stealing is a game."
Then he met Moses. And you can see immediately the response of Moses -- he did not ask, "What is the commandment?" He immediately asked, "How much?"
God said, "It is absolutely free."
Moses did not even ask what the commandments were. He simply said, "Then I will have ten, if they are free."
Now, those ten commandments are not just in the Jewish tradition. Similar commandments are in every tradition: you should do this, you should not do this. Times change, life goes on changing, but those commandments remain heavy on the heart.
For example, Mohammed gave the commandment to the Mohammedans, "You should not take interest on money." Now, all business depends on interest. If Mohammedans are poor -- and they are poor everywhere around the world -- the simple reason is that they are still following a strange idea that you should not give or take interest on money. Now, no bank can give you money without interest. Even the richest people go on borrowing money from banks

because they can use it to earn much more than the interest, but the Mohammedans are carrying a heavy principle on their hearts, that it will be a betrayal to the religion if you take or give interest. So obviously they are poor. In India the poorest jobs are being done by the Mohammedans. It is just an example.

Zen emphasizes the fact that man's consciousness in its ultimate form is enough to decide how to respond in any particular situation. So the only important thing is to become as conscious as possible. All these commandments are for children.

ONCE, JOSHU WAS ASKED TO GO TO A KOREAN TEMPLE TO A MEETING. WHEN HE REACHED THE GATE, HE ASKED, "WHAT TEMPLE IS THIS?"
SOMEONE ANSWERED: "A KOREAN ONE."
JOSHU SAID, "YOU AND I ARE OCEANS AWAY."

He is saying that the Buddha can not be Korean, can not be Japanese. Awareness belongs to no land, to no country. How can this temple be Korean? It is a temple of Buddha. It cannot belong to any country, to any nation, to any race. Buddha belongs to the whole of humanity.

The very word `buddha' simply means awareness. It is not his personal name. His personal name was Gautam Siddharth. When he became awakened, those who realized his awakening started calling him Gautam Buddha. They dropped his personal name, Siddharth. The word `buddha' comes from a Sanskrit root budh. It simply means one who is fully awakened.

How can awakening belong to any country? That's why JOSHU SAID, "YOU AND I ARE OCEANS AWAY."

Although we are standing in the same temple, the distance between you and me is oceans away. You think it is a Korean Buddha, it is a Korean temple? Can't you see that buddha consciousness is simply everybody's? It is not the monopoly of anybody special.
It is in the normal course of things that everybody has to become a buddha one day. You can avoid it as long as you want -- you have been avoiding for centuries. But you cannot escape, because it is your intrinsic nature. Sooner or later you are bound to be fed up with the outside world and look inwards. And that inner reality belongs to no nation.

ON ANOTHER OCCASION, A MONK ASKED, "WHEN A BEGGAR COMES, WHAT SHALL WE GIVE HIM?"
Now, in the English translation of the word `beggar' there is bound to be some misunderstanding. In India, what you call a beggar is called bhikhari. Buddha called his sannyasins another name, which also means bhikhari; he called them bhikshu. Both words can be translated as `beggar', but the two words are as far away from each other as possible. The bhikshu is one who has renounced all ambition, who has renounced the objective, greed, who has renounced all jealousy. The bhikshu is one who has found himself and now he is enough unto himself; he does not need anything more.
So bhikshu is a very respectable, honorable word; bhikhari is just a beggar. This translation..."WHEN A BEGGAR COMES, WHAT SHALL WE GIVE HIM?" You should remember that English does not have a word like bhikshu. It is saying, "When a bhikshu comes, what shall we give him? One who has renounced everything, one who has

found himself, who has found his nothingness -- what shall we give him?"
JOSHU ANSWERED, "HE IS LACKING IN NOTHING."
That answer will make it clear to you that the word `beggar' is not an appropriate translation. A bhikshu is one who is lacking in nothing, who is so contented you cannot give him anything. He needs nothing; he has come to a place where he is absolutely satisfied. So the bhikshu is really the emperor without any outside empire. He has an inner empire which is far more valuable than anything in the outside world can be.
So Joshu said, "He is lacking in nothing. Please don't think that you can give him something." But the translation gives a wrong indication. If you say, "When a beggar comes, what shall we give him?"... a beggar is not a bhikshu. A beggar has come to beg. He has all the desires and all the ambitions, everything. Begging is his profession.
I have heard about a beggar who used to stay by the side of a bridge where there was much traffic. And one man, every month when he would get his salary, would give him something. Just by chance, it was a little late in the evening that he came back from the office. He had been given his salary, so he wanted to give something to the beggar.
He found that somebody else was sitting there -- but it did not matter, the other beggar was blind, and this one too was blind, so the man gave him a one-rupee note. The beggar looked at the note and said, "This note is fake."
The man said, "You are blind -- how did you manage to see it?"
He said, "I am not blind, and this is not my usual place. I used to be blind before, but people were cheating me just

because I was blind. They would give all kinds of false coins and I could not say anything. I could see that they were cheating me, but what to do? So I dropped being blind. Now I am deaf. And my friend, who usually sits here, has gone to see a movie today. So he said, `You just take my business. It is only a question of two or three hours and I will be back. I have not seen a movie for many days.'"
Beggars have their accounts in the banks and they are perhaps even more desirous than other people. They don't have anything, they want everything of the world. The English language is poor in the sense that it does not have any word equivalent to bhikshu. It is better to remember that a bhikshu is not a beggar; the bhikshu is a master. And the tradition in Zen is that when a bhikshu comes because he needs food just for one meal, you give him food and you feel obliged that he thought you worthy enough to ask you for food. First you give him food and then you give him something as a thankfulness, because "I am grateful that you knock on my door -- a man of your quality. I hope that some day I will also be in the same consciousness as you are. But even to provide food for you, just for one day, is a great virtue. You have made me happy -- accept my thankfulness." And the person may give a blanket, or something that can be used by the bhikshu.
A bhikshu is not a beggar. Only then will Joshu's answer be right: "HE IS LACKING IN NOTHING." You cannot give him anything, you can only ask for his blessings. You can only touch his feet and feel gratitude that he has allowed you to touch his feet.
Su Tung-Po wrote:
IN THE TEACHINGS OF THE CREEK'S SOUNDS,

IN THE PURITY OF THE MOUNTAIN'S HUES,
A HUNDRED THOUSAND HYMNS
CAME TO ME LAST NIGHT --
BUT TODAY, HOW AM I TO TALK ABOUT THEM?

In a very beautiful way he is saying, "Last night, in the teaching of the creek's sounds, in the purity of the mountain's hues, a hundred thousand hymns came to me last night -- but today, how am I to talk about them? They were so beyond words, they were such existential experiences that even if I want to say something about them, it will not be right. Only silence, perhaps, may be able to convey something. Or a dance, or a song. But straightforward prose will not help."

This is not only about the creek's sounds, it is about every aesthetic, spiritual, mystical experience. When it overwhelms you, you feel you will be able to convey it. But when you try to convey it, you find yourself utterly helpless. No word seems to be the right word. No language seems to be appropriate to convey the depth, the height. In fact, mind is not made to communicate the inner experiences. Inner experiences only transpire, are only transferred from one being to another being. It is a heart-to-heart communication. Head to head, it is impossible.

Question 1

Maneesha has asked a question:

BELOVED OSHO,
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PUZZLE AND A MYSTERY?

Maneesha, a puzzle is solvable. However difficult it may be, you can find the solution. The mystery becomes more mysterious the more you search. You cannot solve the mystery, you can only dissolve into it.

I have heard about a professor of mathematics. It was New Year's Day and he wanted to purchase some toy for his child. Being a mathematician, he looked for some kind of mathematical puzzle. The owner of the shop said, "I have got absolutely the right thing for you. I know you are a great mathematician and this is the latest toy. But before giving it to your child, please try to solve it yourself."

The mathematician tried to solve it, this way and that way -- in every way it was wrong. Desperate and perspiring, because it was looking very awkward... other customers gathered, the salesmen gathered, the owner was watching. With tremendous interest, everybody was watching to see whether a professor of mathematics could solve a simple child's puzzle or not. Finally he gave up. He said to the owner, "I don't see any way to solve it."

He said, "You need not be so sad, and don't perspire and don't be worried. This toy is made in such a way that any way you try, you will be wrong. This toy is meant for a certain purpose: to teach children that this is how life is. You try it any way, and you will end up in a wrong place."

You can ask anybody. Everybody has ended up in the wrong place. It is very rare to find a buddha, who ends up in the right place; otherwise everybody is trying hard, but always reaches the grave with empty hands.

A puzzle, Maneesha, can be solved. The mystery cannot be solved. That is the difference. The mystery becomes more mysterious as you try to solve it, and sooner or later you

find that the mystery is so big, by and by you are dissolving into it rather than solving it.
Kabir, one of the most important mystics of India, made a statement worth remembering:
HERAT, HERAT, HE SAKHI KABIR RAHA HERAI.
He is saying, "My friend, I was searching and searching, and rather than finding I have lost myself."
The mystery is that in which you will be lost. It will dissolve you. You will become part of the mystery itself. But the puzzle is a small thing, it can be solved.

It is time for Sardar Gurudayal Singh.

Mick and Stella McManus live on a small island off the west coast of Ireland. They have fourteen kids, and life is hard. One day, Mick decides that he has had enough.
"Stella!" he shouts, "I'm leaving you!"
So he jumps into his little rowing boat and starts rowing towards the mainland, leaving Stella standing on the beach.
"But Mick, what about the house?" shouts Stella.
"I'm sorry Stella," replies Mick, "but I'm leaving you!" And he keeps on rowing out to sea.
"But Mick!" pleads Stella. "What about the children?"
"It's no good Stella," replies Mick, "I am leaving you!" And he keeps on rowing.
"But Mick!" cries Stella, pulling up her dress and displaying her feminine charms. "What about this?"
"Ah! God!" mutters Mick, rowing back to the beach. "One of these days I am really going to leave you!"

Kowalski and Zabriski go moose hunting every year in Canada, to try and catch moose for the local zoo. This year, as usual, they hire a seaplane and a pilot. They fly deep into the Canadian wilderness, and land on a lake.
As the pilot drops them on the shore, he gives them a warning.
"Now remember," he says, "only one moose, or we will have too much weight to take off again. I will be back to pick you up in a week."
The plane takes off into the air and the two Polacks, armed with a crate full of vodka, take off into the wilderness.
One week later, they are standing on the shore with two moose when the plane arrives.
"I told you guys, only one moose!" cries the pilot.
"Come on," replies Kowalski, "last year the pilot took us with two moose. He was not afraid!"
Eventually, after a lot of vodka and persuasion, the pilot agrees and they push the two moose onto the plane.
The plane starts from the shore, but there is too much weight to take off and they crash into the trees at the other end of the lake. The moose escape and run off into the forest.
Kowalski and Zabriski wake up and look around at the wreckage.
"Where are we?" asks Zabriski, completely dazed.
"Ah!" says Kowalski, looking back at the lake. "About a hundred yards further than last year!"

Kevin McMurphy, a good Irish Catholic boy, goes to see the priest, Father Dingle.

"Father," says Kevin, "my wife Kathleen is going to have a baby!"
"Praise the Lord!" exclaims the priest.
"Yes, Father!" says Kevin, "and it being our first, Kathleen and I were wondering if you could be praying in the hospital chapel while she is delivering it?"
"Say no more, my son. It shall be done," says Dingle. "And bring along your parents and Kathleen's family to help with the praying."
When Kathleen goes into labor, Kevin phones Father Dingle and both sets of parents. And half an hour later, Kevin is pacing up and down outside the delivery room when the nurse sticks her head out.
"It's a boy!" she cries, and Kevin runs downstairs to the chapel, where everyone is praying.
"A boy! A boy!" cries Kevin, and dashes back upstairs.
As he arrives back at the delivery room door, the nurse pops her head out, and cries, "Now it's a girl!"
"Holy Jesus!" cries Kevin, and runs back down to the chapel.
"Twins!" shouts Kevin, "I am the father of twins! It's a girl!"
Father Dingle and the families start singing "Hail Mary's" to the blessed Virgin.
Kevin races back upstairs, and as he reaches the delivery room he hears the doctor say, "Another boy!"
Kevin turns round and rushes back downstairs, flings open the door of the chapel, and shouts, "Triplets!"
"Triplets?" cries Father Dingle.
"Yes," screams Kevin, "and for God's sake, STOP PRAYING!"

Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
(Gibberish)

(Drumbeat)
Be silent. Close your eyes, feel your body to be completely frozen.
Now look inwards, with total consciousness and with a great urgency, as if this moment is your last moment.
One should live in the same way. Every moment is the last moment. Then only can one live totally.
Go deeper, make a spear of your consciousness. The moment you touch your center of being, flowers will start showering all over.
Just be a witness of the silence, of the peace, of the deep contentment, of the immense sky that opens up from your center.
To make it more clear, Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Simply witness: you are not the body, you are not the mind. You are only a witnessing consciousness.
This witnessing consciousness is the door to the divine.
This witnessing consciousness is what we have been calling the buddha.
This buddha has to be brought to every act, to every gesture, to every word, to every silence. It has to become a reality, twenty-four hours. Only then is life a perfection, a completion.
One has come home.

Gather as many flowers... and the stars and the fragrance. You have to bring the buddha with you. Soon Nivedano will be calling you back. As you get up, get up with grace, with beauty, with silence, with immense blissfulness surrounding you.
This moment, the night has become the most blissful it has ever been.
This moment, the Buddha Auditorium is just a lake of consciousness. You all have disappeared in it. Ten thousand buddhas have just become a lake of consciousness.
Nivedano...
(Drumbeat)
Come back, but come back as buddhas -- with as much grace as possible, with great serenity and silence -- a few minutes just to sit and recollect where you have been. Remember the center, and the path that leads to it. You have to go on this path again and again till your circumference and center become one. Till you are a buddha, without any doubt.
It is everybody's destiny.

Okay, Maneesha?
Yes, Osho.